THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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THE RASKOB PLAN

IN WHAT are called "the inner circles" of the political world, made up of those for whom the vernacular phrase, "the wise guys," is the most descriptive definition—the professional politicians, newspaper experts in politics, and others of that general sort—nothing has been more generally asserted than that the chairman of the Democratic National Committee was "a rank amateur." Both Republicans and Democrats seemed to agree on this point: the Republicans cheerfully, and the Democrats gloomily. For what professional politicians mean by "amateurs" seems to include all those who prefer principles to party expediency, or who place the general interest of the whole country, the common good of the people, above either personal advancement in political power, or partizan advantage. Mr. Raskob, as everybody knew, entered political life without any previous experience of what are quaintly called "practical politics"—which really means for the most part experience in dubious tactics, shifting and dodging, deals and counter-deals, all the way from cunning tricks and deceits to matters which when they are discovered bring grand juries upon the scene. These practical politicians never seem able to understand the sort of men and women for whom politics are the means whereby the best interests of the state, the public good, should be advanced. Hence, they never could understand Mr. Raskob's methods as chairman of his party's national committee. He is so frank, and so straightforward, he goes so simply and directly along the lines which he considers to be the best, that the practical politicians were nonplussed, when they were not naively contemptuous. Sometimes they went to the other extreme of regarding Mr. Raskob as a sort of new Machiavelli, a despot of the empire of big business, so dangerously subtle in his methods that when he said one thing they were convinced that what he really wanted was something quite different.

It may now begin to dawn upon some of these obfuscated practical politicians and wise guys that this amateur, like amateurs in other fields, has accomplished things which professional experts thought impossible. In the early days of the fateful campaign of 1928 it was obvious to those in a position to know what was going on at Democratic headquarters more intimately than through newspaper accounts, that the chairman was often sorely puzzled, and sometimes distressed. That his bewilderment and his chagrin were not caused by his lack of knowledge of the really big things in

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political struggles, or by inability to handle them, was also obvious. Mr. Raskob's conception of political principles was of a high type, and his management of large plans was firm and well-conceived. But what did flabbergast him, until he got used to the situation, was the atmosphere of deceitfulness, the petty plots and plans for fooling the other party, or the public, or the press, or themselves, or their chairman, which seems to be normal to the rank and file of party politicians; either party, for the matter of that. That was not Mr. Raskob's atmosphere; he was not accustomed to doing business that way; hence the stress and strains which developed between the new chairman and so many of the petty chieftains and political hacks. Fortunately, however, there are men and women in both parties who still put principles above expediency, and hold that the common good is superior to personal or party profit. And Democrats of this type appreciated their chairman. If the wet and dry issue did not (as, however, it does) divide the party, as it divides the Republican party as well, Mr. Raskob's big and highly successful job of reorganizing the party machinery, and making it for the first time effective between campaigns, instead of merely being an instrument for wild and spasmodic action at election time, would be even more highly appreciated than it is. For there can be no doubt in any well-informed mind that, except for the irrepressible prohibition issue, the Democratic party, as a political mechanism, is in better and more powerful shape today than for generations; and the chief credit for this remarkable achievement certainly must go to Mr. Raskob.

Another high achievement is Mr. Raskob's handling of the dangerous and still unsolved prohibition issue. Feared by the drys of both parties as the most determined and persistent of the many enemies of the ignoble failure to force the prohibition tyranny upon the people, Mr. Raskob, with that frankness, sincerity and directness of action which form his political strength, has given both national parties a clear-cut and practical plan to remove the issue from partizan politics, and really give the people most concerned, the whole American public, an opportunity to settle the matter themselves. That many Republican newspapers, as well as Democratic ones, favor the Raskob plan, may be regarded by the dry forces of both sides merely as a proof of the extent to which those elements have capitulated to the allurement of the demon Rum; but sensible Republicans, and Democrats too, are getting fed up with the stubborn intransigence of the destructive drys, and the evident merits of the Raskob plan commend themselves to millions who are more concerned to help the nation out of its present mess than they are with the political fortunes of either party.

To attack the data submitted by Mr. Raskob as the basis of his plan for a national referendum—and for a new constitutional amendment which would provide that any state could, by a referendum of its own, vote itself free from the Eighteenth Amendment and set up a state-controlled manufacture and sale of liquor—on the ground that Mr. Raskob's questionnaire was only answered by those already known as foes of prohibition, is a wasted gesture. The reasons for believing that a preponderant element in the moral, economic, political and social leadership of the country is now convinced of the failure of prohibition are far more numerous, and stronger, than the responses to Mr. Raskob's letter. These merely confirm what a thousand other signs of the times are proving.

For it is now quite certain that in place of the regulated, and tax-paying liquor traffic which was outlawed by the Eighteenth Amendment—a traffic the evils and the politically corrupting effects of which are denied by nobody—the country now is afflicted with an utterly unregulated, immensely profitable, criminally controlled, and crime-breeding traffic almost infinitely worse than what was outlawed. The Wickersham Committee's report, in spite of the tricky way in which it was presented to bolster up the present deplorable system, stands as incontrovertible, official proof of the fact that prohibition has not prohibited the evils it was intended to abolish, and has brought about evils far more widespread, and far more difficult to deal with unless that system is changed. Up to the present time, the Raskob plan seems the most practical means presented to the public to secure a more reasonable management of this difficult problem. The amateur in politics has once more proven more practical than the so-called practical politicians. It is to be hoped that the people themselves will see to it that the practical politicians do not rob them of their opportunity to express their own opinions. Before prohibition, the leaders of that movement were incessantly clamoring that the people should be allowed to prove, through a referendum, that they desired prohibition. They still claim, in the face of all the facts which point in a contrary direction, that the mass of the people still favor it. But now they rage against the proposed referendum. Neither in logic nor in justice can they sustain such a contradiction. Public opinion should be given its unhampered right to declare itself.

WEEK BY WEEK

ANOTHER step has been taken toward a more final settlement of the reparations problem. First came the Wiggin report; then the conclusions arrived at in Basle by an international committee of inquiry; and now comes Chancellor Bruening's resolute statement: "It is clear as day that Germany's situation makes impossible her continuing to make political payments, and it is equally manifest that any attempt to keep up such a system of political payments must bring disaster not only on Germany but on the whole world." This declaration comes as close as any declaration could to expressing the mind of the German people as a whole. Less evident, how-

No More Reparations?

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ever, is the ultimate acceptance by France and Belgium of an international agreement to consider Germany's obligations at an end. A cessation of receipts from the Reich would seriously impair the French fiscal structure, and no doubt even inaugurate a flow of gold away from Paris. But it would be virtually out of the question to invoke sanctions against the defaulting Reich. While the Young Plan, as amended at the Hague, guardedly permits the use of sanctions provided these are authorized by the World Court, it would be practically out of the question to get an anti-German verdict out of the judges in view of the plain language of the Basle report. So far have six years of Dawes era optimism and two years of inevitably consequent depression brought us. The end is nothing to crow over, but must be taken and swallowed like every other fact.

DOUBTLESS one reason why the problem as a whole has been so hard to manage must be sought in the handicaps which political organization imposes upon the conduct of national government. Germany, once embarrassed by a too Socialistic welfare program, has latterly been hampered and constrained by a violent nationalist reaction. Even now a Chancellor whose unpopularity has greatly increased seems to get nowhere with a plan to solidify his foreign policy by retaining President Von Hindenburg in office for one more year, to obviate the necessity for a general election. The citizens of the United States are only too well aware of the differences which render Congress, from the President's point of view, belligerent rather than coöperative. France has, no doubt, been hardest hit: an utterly chaotic parliament, which assents to governments only when formed by personalities, virtually hamstrings any Cabinet endeavor to emerge from the impasse into which the nation's foreign policy drifted more than four years ago. Since then—as the successive careers of Briand and Laval indicate—the Quai d'Orsay has been in the doldrums. Under such conditions events must triumph over men. For men are doing nothing to cope with events.

Mr. Hearst and Mr. Garner

TOSSING a Texan's five-gallon hat, or his Dobbs, into the ring, even the presidential ring, without asking his permission may be as dangerous a thing to do as the traditionally risky job of taking the breeks off a Highlander, as Mr. William Randolph Hearst seems to have discovered. Hardly had he signed off the air after exalting the name of Speaker John N. Garner as the only visible simon-pure, 150-percent all-American presidential candidate—the one man who could be safely entrusted to keep up the America-first tradition of Washington, Jefferson and Champ Clark, and to defend the country from the plagues of internationalism, which will rush upon it if the next President should be a man like Herbert Hoover, or Al Smith, or Governor Roosevelt, or Newton D. Baker—than his candidate ran out on him. For at the very time when Mr. Hearst was painting the picture of Mr. Garner as the perfect isolationist, that Texas statesman, as Walter Lippmann points out, "was committing himself to one of the most far-reaching internationalist proposals ever made in this country." For Mr. Garner wants "a permanent international economic conference" aiming at the lowering of excessive tariff duties, the elimination of unfair and discriminatory trade practices and other economic barriers, so that retaliatory tariffs and economic wars may be avoided in favor of fair, friendly and equal trade relations between nations.

"THE SAME force which drove Woodrow Wilson, which drove Harding, which drove Coolidge, which drives Hoover, also drives Garner," commented Mr. Lippmann. He is right. He means the force of reality. This is not a dream world in which Americans, or Britons, or French, or Italians, or even Russians or Japanese can isolate themselves behind imaginary national walls and provide for themselves by their own isolated action. It is a world in which inter-relations, whether for good or for evil, are facts, and cannot be other than facts which no amount of oratory on the part of the Senator Johnsons or the William Randolph Hearsts can change. As a matter of fact, anyhow, the latter gentleman has long been, as publisher and editor, an internationalist, in the practical sense of the word, of the most consistent sort. He does not fill his many papers and magazines with the intellectual and literary work only of his fellow Americans. He covers the world with a network of foreign correspondents and writers. He fills a large part of the space in his press with the articles of German and French and British and Italian statesmen and authors. The editorial page of his New York *American,* for leading instance, is notoriously devoted to the highly paid articles of various foreigners—Bertrand Russell, Rebecca West, Aldous Huxley, G. K. Chesterton and many others—to such an extent, indeed, that it would seem to call for drastic action on the part of the 100-percent American writers undermined by such discrimatory competition. Perhaps they should form a league of their own. As a matter of fact, the international news and views of the Hearst press are invaluable—and most helpful to the United States because they tell American readers what is going on in the world of which their country is a part.

Books—and Business

THE CHENEY REPORT for which the National Association of Book Publishers paid $35,000 is now in, and publishers know precisely what they did before. Whether or not this sum of money paid the former vice-president of the Irving Trust Company to find out what is the matter with the publishing business has been totally thrown away may be a mooted point, but the weaknesses which it enumerates

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—faulty distribution, poor bookkeeping, haphazard choice of books, failure to get behind books—have long been recognized by all the leaders in the publishing field, and Mr. Cheney, while gathering a greater mass of data on the subject than has previously been collected, gives little practical help as to how these weaknesses may be corrected. The predominant feeling among the publishers seems to be that the Cheney Commission, for it is really a commission, has labored mightily to the extent of 150,000 words and, as is the usual result with commissions, has brought forth a mouse. The facts and charts of the report are of interest almost exclusively to publishers, book-sellers and authors, having to do with the technique of the book business or "book industry" as Mr. Cheney prefers to call it; but the spirit of the report has far wider interest and implications. There was a day when it was the publishing profession, later it became the publishing business, but it has remained for Mr. Cheney to denominate it as an "industry." It is as an industry that Mr. Cheney visualizes it and treats it, and it is because of this attitude that the report takes on an importance far beyond any of the facts and business deductions included in it. It is sad to realize that this report baldly reduces publishing to a level of complete and utter materialism; it would be not only sad but appalling if the publishers who engaged Mr. Cheney to prepare his report did not denounce this degradation of their profession.

YET IN his report Mr. Cheney unwittingly pays a tribute to the American publishers. He accuses them of being "romantic." It may well be answered for them, that when they cease being romantic their usefulness will be at an end. Publishing is of course a business, though it is we trust not yet an "industry," but it is a business which deals not with what we wear or what we eat but with those spiritual and mental things which differentiate man from what is below man. For books, the books which count and which alone make the publishing profession deserving of its name, and which have certainly given it the prestige it even now enjoys, cannot in the last analysis be judged by any scale of monetary profit and loss, not even by the laws of numerical supply and demand. Many of the most useful books are books from which the publisher has small hope of winning any considerable profit, indeed any profit at all. And it is these books, if the publishers could be made perfectly efficient according to materialistic standards, which would never find a publisher. Of course no publisher ever can be made thus efficient, not even by Cheney reports and by the methods of Big Business, methods which have proved so brilliantly successful of recent months. And no publisher who is worth his salt wants any such efficiency, an efficiency which would destroy itself by destroying the reason for its existence. There will always be publishers for whom the dollar is the end of all, and for them books are something to sell by the pound, and the more pounds the better. But they, though the Cheney report is dedicated to them, do not count. It is the romantics who sometimes go bankrupt, but who sometimes become the great publishers of the world, to whom alone go humanity's tribute and affection.

IF, AS Bergson says, economics is "la guerre sous une forme invisible," one can well imagine our American merchant princes who bring to our shores treasures of art from the other countries of the world, to be really like the princes and barons of old who returned from the wars with rich treasures that they bequeathed to their grateful and admiring peoples. Of course the hundreds, and often thousands, of assistants and managers and employees that one such merchant directs, may further be likened to the marshals and captains and foot soldiers that a prince would have under his command in the furtherance of his enterprises. However, this analogy breaks down on an important point: the older enterprises were carried on by violence, by bloodshed, the laying waste of the farms and the burning of the villages and towns of the enemy; whereas the newer are carried on without killing and maiming and destruction, but with an exchange of services and goods that increase the value of the products of farm and town. These idle, but we trust not unenlightened, reflections are occasioned by the privilege we had recently of visiting the palace of one such of our modern merchant princes. It is no figure of speech in this case to say palace. We have seen some of the palaces of the Medici and the Borgias, and while it is true these were patrons of artists while our merchant prince was the patron of antiquarians, the palace of one was no finer than that of the others.

Treasures for America

SPECIFICALLY we refer to the late Colonel Michael Friedsam, whose priceless collection of art treasures he bequeathed to the Metropolitan Museum in New York. We had heard rumor of the collection and gone to see it with some intention of making notes about it, but only one note can do it justice: it is the collection of a life time of a man of unique opportunities and of rare discrimination. Simply to repeat the great names of the artists, and some ecstatic reference to the instances of their work in the collection, would be little more than meaningless. We can but urge everyone who can, to see these things when they are put on public exhibition; remember them, they are indeed treasures for America. There are bijous dating from what the ignorant call the dark ages, that for invention and delicacy of execution would indeed point to degeneracy in the arts of mankind, rather than evolution. There are reliquaries and ostensoriums of the same marvelous and incomparable workmanship. There is a collection of over two hundred paintings, not to mention tapestries, dating from the thirteenth century to the very edge of the twentieth. This is especially rich in primitives. The strength of these, the high,

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human nobility of them coupled with simplicity and imagination, would again, when one thinks of the grotesqueries of modern times, the bad painting, the self-conscious stylism and the paucity of imagination, certainly indicate that when it lost its innocence art abdicated grace and intelligence too. The science of mixing colors seems also to be a vanishing one; it is to marvel to see the brightness of the primitives after centuries. The Friedsam collection is so chronologically comprehensive that one observes as plainly as a broad shaft of sunlight, the descending curve in color and allegresse, as art became more secular, more and more concerned with burghers and their wives, scenes of eating and drinking, and the placidity of cows in fields and landscapes without signs of man.

A Retreat League for Laywomen

THE CAUSE of lay retreats, on which the present Pontiff has laid such stress in his encyclical, "Mens Nostra," receives this month a very special aid in the launching of the Cenacle Retreat League. Since its foundation in France a little over a century ago, the Congregation of Our Lady of the Cenacle has put the promotion of both public and closed retreats for women in the very front place of its noble activities of service and sanctification. The technique, so to call it, of the retreat conference and of retreat meditation, has been specially studied and perfected, alike by the large number of priests who serve the Cenacle as retreat masters, and by the religious who give their lives to it. There are now six convents of the Cenacle in our country—in New York (the Cenacle of St. Regis), Newport, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, and at Lake Ronkonkoma, on Long Island. In all the work has been blessed by such remarkable growth in scope and fervor that it was finally felt to be a potentiality, and a responsibility, involving far more than the separate groups which make up the retreat guilds of the individual convents. It was felt to be a possible instrument for the sanctification of much larger groups of American Catholic laywomen than these guilds at present include. A general organization has therefore been launched, with the design of utilizing their combined power, of work, zeal and prayer, to help extend the practice and tradition of laywomen's retreats throughout the country. Specifically, it aims to "spread retreat literature; form retreat promoters; disseminate Catholic teaching, doctrinal, liturgical, devotional; and inspire Catholic Action."

THE WORK of a retreat league has actually been testing itself for five years in the Brighton Cenacle in Boston, unobtrusively, but with heartening results. A meeting just held in New York represents the formal inauguration of the league here, and was paralleled by similar meetings during this same month in all the other Cenacle convents. Plans were laid, and prospects discussed with a realistic enthusiasm, by notable speakers, among them the Reverend John J. Corbett, S.J., of the *Sacred Heart Messenger;* Miss Mary G. Hawks, president of the National Council of Catholic Women; Miss Dorothy J. Willmann, of the *Queen's Work,* St. Louis; and Miss Constance Armstrong, president of the Catholic Young Women's Club, of New York. A general clearing-house of ideas, as well as a central energizer, is to be provided the Retreat League by the *Cenacle Review.* Three orders of members will share in the perpetual prayer of the Religious of the Cenacle: the first-degree membership concerning subscribers to the *Review;* the second degree, active play apostles who make a small money contribution or secure its equivalent in *Review* subscribers; the third degree, the life benefactors, who are able to contribute a substantial sum to the work. Mrs. Carlton J. H. Hayes presided. May the league be blessed with a tithe part of the members, in all these divisions, which it merits, by the nobility of its purpose and the spiritual quality of the results already achieved through the Cenacle guilds!

THE CONVERT MOVEMENT

EVERY time we assume to write about the convert movement, we are struck with a truth that so humbles us that it is only by an effort of the will that we continue. This chastening truth is that we can really know so little about the conversions that are going on in the Church in its entirety. Statistics can convey no adequate impression of them. The mention of particular, visible signs of the movement, is necessarily so limited that it seems implicitly to do more of an injustice by what it fails to mention than it does of justice in giving due credit to what it can describe. The purely accidental opportunities one has, through circumstances of personal acquaintance, of knowing instances which indicate all the quiet and effective testimony to the Faith that is being given to those who are seeking in every rectory in the land, in convents, schools and monasteries, are chastening. Add to this some intimation of all the guilds and associations for Catholic evidence which operate in purely limited and localized fields, with a most effective wrestling with realities that is often the distinguishing mark of parochial efforts, and the temptation to be silent or to speak only in generalities is almost irresistible.

Nevertheless, we have from time to time printed articles descriptive of the particular methods and the results of local groups, and lately, due to the renaissance of the National Catholic Converts League of New York under the patronage of His Eminence Patrick Cardinal Hayes, we have had more than one occasion to refer to it editorially. Its broadcasting program of last summer, its distribution of booklets, notably the one by Thomas F. Woodlock, contributing editor of the *Wall Street Journal,* on "The Catholic Church, the Protector of American Principles of Government," its maintenance of a permanent headquarters

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and an executive secretary at 665 Fifth Avenue where any and all inquiries are answered, where a growing library is available to any who want to stop and read, and where books may be borrowed and purchased—all these activities, together with the remarkable series of public meetings conducted by the league, have we believe been truly of national interest. This week His Excellency Archbishop Fumasi-Biondi, Apostolic Delegate to the United States, is the league's guest of honor at a public meeting which will be addressed by Mr. John Moody, president of Moody's Investors Service, familiarly referred to by financiers as "The Bible of Wall Street" (and by this we may understand that in spite of the present chaos, it has contributed to the worth-while and enduring accomplishments of the financial world). Mr. Moody, himself a fairly recent convert, will speak on "The Baffled Business World" and, analyzing the causes of present business and social troubles, will make special reference to the application by practical business men of the admonitions of Pope Pius XI in his encyclical "On Reconstructing the Social Order." For our many readers who would be interested in obtaining copies of Mr. Moody's address, it will be a matter of practical information to know that they may be obtained for a nominal charge direct from the headquarters of the league.

Turning now to the convert movement further afield, we have just received from a correspondent in England a strikingly factual and comprehensive report of convert action there. From time to time, we hope to have other such reports from other countries. "It seems impossible to write of the convert movement in England," states our correspondent, "without some brief allusion to the Venerable Father Dominic, the saintly Passionist who received into the Church Newman, Dalgairns, St. John, Bowles and Stanton on that memorable October 9. Nor can one forget Ambrose Phillips de Lisle and later George Spencer, afterward Father Ignatius, O.P., son of Earl Spencer, K.G., and later still Cardinal Manning.

"Nearer our own time, names such as Philip Fletcher, Hugh Benson, Ronald Knox, Gerard Manley Hopkins, S.J., C. C. Martindale, S.J., 'Father' Vernon now studying for the priesthood at the Beda College, Rome, with ten or twelve other convert Protestant clergymen, and Lord Clonmore, son of the Earl of Wexford, spring to the mind. Turning to the Protestant laity, we remember names such as G. K. Chesterton, Maurice Baring, Alfred Noyes, Lord Iddesleigh, W. J. Blyton, Evelyn Waugh, Mrs. Raymond Asquith, the talented daughter of Sir John Horner, K.C.V.O., and daughter-in-law of the famous Earl of Oxford and Asquith, Prime Minister of England in the early days of the great war, Sir Reginald Mitchell Banks, K.C., M.P., Egerton Beck, Geoffrey Birkbeck, W. S. Bishop, Supreme Knight of the Knights of St. Columba, Sir Harold Boulton, Bt., Alan Brodrick, K.S.G., Professor Edward Bullough of Cambridge, Leland Buxton, Norman Romanes, Charles Monro, Joseph Clayton, Sir Stuart Coats, Bt., Reginald Dingle, the late James Britten, K.C.S.G., Enid Dinnis, Dr. Letitia Fairfield, Sheila Kaye-Smith, Eric Gill, Sir Charles Gordon-Watson, the late Professor Hewins and his son, M. G. Hewins, Lord Howard of Penrith (a patron of the Converts' Aid Society), Reginald Jebb, Humphrey Johnson, now an Oratorian at Edgbaston, Captain Walter Legge, Shane Leslie, Compton Mackenzie, the late Professor Phillimore, Dr. Reginald Miller, the Earl Nelson, Herman Norman, Colonel Pearse, Stephen Powys, William Reed-Lewis, Mrs. Victor Rickard, Gertrude Robinson, the Reverend H. E. G. Rope, the late Rose Sheppey-Greene, Professor Stockley of University College, Cambridge, Father Vassall-Phillips, the famous Redemptorist, Colonel Wilson, Deputy Supreme Knight of the Knights of St. Columba, Margaret Yeo, Dorothy Gurney, and Mrs. Coulson Kernahan.

"It was Father Philip Fletcher who, with the late Lister Drummond, K.C.S.G., founded the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom for the conversion of England—a guild which has recently become the Catholic Church Extension Society as well, seeking to place a church in every town and village.

"The Catholic Missionary Society, of which Dr. Herbert Vaughan, a nephew of the great cardinal, is the head, by motor missions and in other ways seeks to win England back to the Faith.

"The Apostolic League is one of the products, so to speak, of the Catholic Missionary Society and works on somewhat similar lines to the Guild of Ransom, the members of which promise to prepare themselves for the great struggle between truth and falsehood which rages around us today.

"The Challoner Society, a social society for men—priests and laity—'cradle' Catholics and converts, brings together men of education to discuss questions of Catholic interest and gives new converts an opportunity to meet other Catholics, while the Catholic Evidence Guild and Our Lady's Catechists do work of a supremely important kind already well known here and in America.

"The Beda College in Rome, presided over by the Right Reverend Monsignor Duchemin, trains men with late vocations, and it is to this seminary that convert clergymen from the various Protestant bodies are generally sent for their four or five years' training previous to becoming priests. It is a college dear to the heart of the Supreme Pontiff.

"The Converts' Aid Society, which the present Holy Father described as 'this most delicate and most exquisite charity,' was founded at the express wish of His Holiness Pope Leo XIII for the assistance of convert clergymen from the Church of England and other Protestant bodies and for ex-Anglican nuns. It is a society which, by money and in many other ways, assists those—especially the married men with families—who have given up nearly everything of this world to follow our Divine Lord."

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TOTAL ABSTINENCE IN AMERICA

By EDWARD J. LYNG

The writer of the accompanying article is the president of the National Total Abstinence Union and therefore speaks on his subject with authority. THE COMMONWEAL, *as it explained in an editorial last week, is glad to advocate, in so far as it can, voluntary total abstinence, without prejudice to the right of those who desire to make temperate use of beer and wine and spirits. We feel earnestly in this matter that only by repeal of the prohibition laws and the restitution to the temperance and abstinence movement of the freedom of the individual, will any real progress be made.—The Editors.*

THERE is an ingrained aversion to coercion which most individuals experience. Most men and women prefer to be attracted to any program of personal sanctification by an appeal to higher motives, by noble ideals and by spiritual gain. The greater accomplishments of religion have been attributed to such principles. From apostolic times men and women suppressed natural emotions and assumed the rigors of self-denial because of a model which had been proposed to them. Witness the throngs of earnest men, women and children who sought the catacombs for safety when the burning of a few grains of incense before pagan idols would have merited the security of a home in the sunshine. During the years 1849-1851 Reverend Theobald Mathew, a Capuchin monk, traversed the eastern portion of the United States and indoctrinated 500,000 with the principles and ideals of Catholic total abstinence! He was listened to with respect. He enjoyed the friendship of hundreds of non-Catholics who marveled at his eloquence and logic and who lauded him for a noble work in which he was engaged, for the promotion of total abstinence from alcoholic drink. So much was he revered that he was invited to speak in the halls of Congress and was greatly applauded. Houses of legislature also extended invitations to this intrepid apostle of temperance, and at all public gatherings he was acclaimed. This triumphal crusade gave stimulus to the Catholic total abstinence movement in the United States.

It is not difficult to analyze the success of this missionary. He stressed moral suasion as a basic principle in the cultivation and practice of abstention from debasing drink. He left this virtue to the individual and insisted upon it as a sine qua non in the work of individual character-building. Furthermore he pointed to a thirsty Christ as a model restraining an impulse or a legitimate assuagement of a normal, intensified passion. He stressed divine grace as a saving factor in the practice of self-discipline without which no spiritual progress is possible. Having revealed the physical and spiritual horror of intemperance in all its revolting details, this apostle of Christ won to his cause thousands in this land and a total of 7,000,000 in Ireland, England, Scotland and Wales.

The casual observer, without much effort on his part, is conscious in our day of a great moral decadence especially among our youth. There is a spirit of abandon abroad in our land that asserts itself upon every occasion. It has invaded the home, the office, the college and makes itself felt in every department of social endeavor. Too frequently this spirit of our age is associated with the drink habit in its various phases. We have become embroiled in a national catastrophe which has involved every degree, grade and shade of human beings in one violent, persistent and bitter dispute upon the justice or injustice of a legislative act brought into being some twelve years ago. I do not pretend to discourse upon the merits or demerits of that amendment to our constitution, but merely desire to bring to mind a condition of affairs which has attacked the moral fiber of our youth and brought in its wake endless suffering, misery and shame. We, of this nation, unfortunately, have lost the sense of shame formerly associated with the drink habit, and our youth have plunged into the maelstrom of drunkenness with a recklessness and an abandon that would have terrified the inebriates of pagan Rome.

The tippler of today becomes too often the inveterate drunkard in an incredibly short time. Not that he desires to qualify for that blue-ribbon class, but because the tendency is irresistible. He begins his career, it may be, with no intention or fear. He drinks to be a "good sport" or to be "one of the boys" or to be a "regular fellow" at a social gathering of kindred souls, and enters with a verve into the festivities. Few have the courage to resist the raillery of merrymakers. The tipplers or occasional drinkers are not of the repulsive type of humankind—on the contrary we often find them of engaging personality and kindly disposition, eager and ready to help in every good cause, of fine mental perception and high principles, a credit to their families and their training. Many of them at some time in life gave promise of a glorious career in one of the professions. But many plunge into irretrievable ruin. Ask the hard-working father who toiled to give such a son a high-school or college training, or ask any sorrowing mother who watched with loving solicitude over the adolescent years of a ruined young woman, what a terrible price drink cost their offspring.

It is vain to say that sobriety has become the order of the day. Statistics furnish a conclusive contradiction to every assertion of the kind. There is to my mind only one way by which the Christian virtue of sobriety can be successfully cultivated and that is by the practice of total abstinence from alcoholic drink.

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Moral suasion and the grace of God are the two controlling factors in the life of the men and the women who, inspired by a thirsting Christ, the Symbol of redemption, willingly and for the purpose of greater sanctification avoid the snare of even an occasional drink of intoxicating liquor. The purpose of the National Total Abstinence Union of America is to proclaim anew to the world an unswerving devotion to and an unalterable belief in these principles and ideals, and to call upon our Catholic people to join with us in the only sane and Christian method of defeating the evils of drunkenness—by the practice of total abstinence.

It is a matter of deep gratification to those who in these perilous times have held high the banners of total abstinence to reflect upon the glorious change which has been experienced during the past year. We dare not describe the devastating effects of an almost universal apathy which invaded the ranks of the Catholic total abstinence movement bringing with it indifference, dissolution and despair. Time was when with commendable pride we could point to the enthusiasm, zeal and unshakable faith that characterized the entire membership of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America. The opening day of our annual convention held at Atlantic City some years ago was one of gloom and depressing fear. It seemed as though a band of faithful mourners had assembled from far and wide reverently to commit to the tomb of oblivion the respected corpse of a once glorious and dignified cause. The virtue of Temperance, it would seem, was there to bid us keep alive at least the spirit of the grand cause, while she in the words of Jeremias the prophet might have thus been described: "Weeping she hath wept in the night and her tears are upon her cheeks: there is none to comfort her among all that were dear to her: all her friends have despised her and become her enemies. Therefore do I weep and my eyes run down with water because the comforter, the relief of my soul, is far from me: my children are desolate because the enemy hath prevailed."

But within the hearts and breasts of a meager number glows the old-time faith and zeal of a movement that could never be quenched. Renewed in strength and courage, they await the opportunity to reënkindle the enthusiasm of their fellow Catholics in a cause much needed in these hedonistic and pagan days. The reports of the sixtieth annual convention have revealed the tremendous success of twelve months' effort and prayer, and it may be reasonably predicted that the cause of Catholic total abstinence is in a fair way to become once more one of the controlling elements in Catholic life, as it was for over a period of seventy years in our great country.

If we have faith we can move mountains, but if we do not express that faith in action, we can never hope to instruct, edify or influence the bulk of mankind. Hence the National Total Abstinence Union realizes the urgent necessity of proclaiming from the housetops the virtue, the ideals and the principles of total abstinence. The Committee on Finance and Education began at once to acquaint the members of all their societies of what had taken place at our last annual convention, and to urge their coöperation. But most significant of all, the daily papers in editorial comments approved of the rational methods of the Catholic Church, and predicted that the only hope of a sober nation lies in the principle of moral suasion.

Within the year just past His Eminence Cardinal Dougherty, on the occasion of the priests' annual retreats, spoke most convincingly to the clergy upon the necessity of the revival of the Catholic Total Abstinence Societies in the diocese of Philadelphia, and urged the priests to preach upon the evils of intemperance three or four times during the year, and particularly at the time of missions. Moreover, he and the auxiliary bishop have returned to the practice of giving the pledge to the children at the conferring of the sacrament of confirmation.

The far-flung ranks of the National Union even now give cause for great speculation. In the West a splendid propaganda has been carried on by the students of Loyola University for the advancement of total abstinence. The intention for the month of August, 1930, offered by the Apostleship of Prayer all over the country, was for temperance societies. In many of our seminaries the priests of tomorrow are being encouraged to lend their apostolic influence to our cause. Wherever we turn we are reminded that the pendulum is on the backward swing. The lessons of faith, hope and charity we have not forgotten nor can we ever be unmindful of the power of those cardinal virtues—prudence, justice, fortitude and temperance.

Heritage

A welcome, stranger,
Here is earth,
Now that you
Have conquered birth!

(So unconcerned
You rest your head
Within your little
Trundle-bed.)

You do not know
That there are trees—
And great, unfathomed
Mysteries.

That mountains wait
And rivers flow;
That beauty shall
Entrance you so.

For you the bread,
For you the leaven—
The joy of earth,
The gate of heaven!

VERA KEEVERS SMITH.

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REFLECTIONS OF CANDLE LIGHT

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

FRIAR VINCENT McNABB, that hound of the Lord, whose great voice booms through modern England in the authentic tones that rang from the mouth of Saint Dominic in Languedoc seven hundred years ago, writes almost as well as he talks. Considering our modern needs, it is well indeed that so many priests should be artists as well as preachers. In one of this Dominican's most fascinating essays, he tells us whimsically yet profoundly about "a private revelation" once vouchsafed to him. It concerned the Apocalyptic verse of John the Divine, "he who walketh in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks," which long had puzzled and overawed him.

He was permitted to understand that Saint John's mystic candle-walker was none other than God the Theologian. The "plain reason" discovered by Father McNabb was "that no one else can walk in the midst of the candlesticks without injury to the candles," and as a deduction from that primary fact he expounded his axiom that "the theologian alone should deal with theology." He confesses that theology is none too well treated by the theologians:

> Again and again she receives such treatment as would justify a decree *nisi,* which she scouts in deference to the will of Him Who walketh among the candlesticks. But at the hands of the non-theologians, no matter how accredited in science, her lot is still more abject. At the end of a month there is a *de facto* divorce without the anxiety of legal proceedings.

Nevertheless, the risk should be run: but only by those who have the right to take such risks.

I remembered Prior McNabb—as indeed I often have reason to do—when I rashly volunteered to write something about the book now under review: "The Doctrine of the Mystical Body of Christ," translated from the French of Abbé Anger by Reverend John J. Burke, C.S.P., S.T.D. (New York: Benziger Brothers. $4.50). Certainly, I am no theologian, not even an amateur one. And Father Burke's translation of Abbé Anger deals with high theology; it is a daring excursion "into the hill country of divinity." What could a mere layman find to say about such a mighty book? What right would he have to say anything, even if he did find certain things, by-products of his effort to read and understand as much as possible, which seemed worth while at least for himself? But would these things be worth while communicating to others? That question must be left for those others to determine; all I can do is to put the things down and hope for the best.

But at least I may explain why I made my rash promise to Father Burke, because in doing so I may succeed in getting other lay people to read the book for themselves, and that would be much more important than anything I may say about it. My explanation may seem rather indirect, but in going back a little and trying to achieve perspective for my subject, I am like a man who tries to see a mountain peak, and who descends to lower ground in order to do so. For Father Burke's book is a giant peak. Among the greatest ranges of theology, its subject towers gigantic. It brings heaven and earth together, and not merely in some vista of mirage. Indeed, it brings God and man together, and not in a mere figure of speech. Such a book (even the reading of it, but still more when you think of its author and translator) makes one think of Blake's couplet:

> Great things are done when men and mountains meet;
> These are not done by jostling in the street.

What I think in the first place moved me to venture to write something about this profound essay was sheer wonder at the fact that Father John Burke should have been able to produce it. Of course I knew that the letters on the title page which go after those that indicate he is a member of the great Congregation of St. Paul the Apostle (which has written such a splendid chapter in the history of the Catholic Church in the United States), tell us that he is a Doctor of Sacred Theology, and therefore duly qualified to attempt to tread the perilous path among the golden candlesticks. And of course I knew of other books he had Englished, and of original writings of his own which prove him to be what it is very good even for a theologian (perhaps it is especially good for a theologian) to be, namely, a highly competent writer. But I also knew that he is general secretary of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, and when I considered the multitudinous duties and tremendous responsibilities of that position, my wonder at the fact that he could find any time, or energy either, for theologizing, or for writing, is explained. For anybody who knows anything about Father John Burke and the N. C. W. C. must know that while the organization of which he is the chief executive is in the most practical of senses the Catholic Church in the United States in action, nationally and internationally, under the immediate authority of those who alone possess authority in that matter, the American bishops, no individual did more to create that chief instrument of American Catholic Action than Father John Burke; no other person did more to justify its creation during the war and since the war; nobody else has borne the heat and burdens of its endless day of ceaseless service so constantly as Father Burke. The history of the Catholic Church in the United States from 1914 could not be written in any true or realistic way without his figure and his influence permeating all the more important chapters of its extra-diocesan, its national and international, concerns and episodes.

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What marvelous chapters they could be—as please God they will be when heaven sends the qualified historian! How they link on with—indeed they are an integral part of—those other wonderful chapters that would tell the high romance of the resurgence of the Faith, the renaissance, almost the resurrection, of the Church in these latter days. And this fact is central to the understanding of the importance and timeliness of the book which somehow or other Father Burke has found both the time and energy needed to translate for American readers. This fact should particularly help and uphold American lay readers in the task of reading it as lay folk might and should read it—not as theologians studying, criticizing, or judging it professionally, but as men and women, as integral Catholics, sharing the more abundant life that today is nerving and strengthening the body of the Church throughout the world as it moves forward in a new and universal crusade. For in the very reading of this book they will gain the knowledge that will explain their instinctive awareness that simply as Catholics, no matter what their lot or condition in the world may be, they are living parts of the Church; they are not mere units of its organization; they are in a most true, real, vital, conscious sense united with Pope, and bishop, and priest, as parts of the Mystical Body of Christ, which is the Catholic Church.

At a time when a disorganized and bewildered world society—amid the wrecks of shattered empires and kingdoms, amid other empires and nations apparently staggering toward dissolution, while new nations and races, becoming self-conscious, confusedly struggle for their places in the sun—at a time when this chaotic society is almost deliriously searching after dependable centers of organization, can even a mere layman fail to recognize the providential significance of the reëmergence of the unifying and binding and dynamic power of the spiritual conception of the Church as the Body of Christ? It is not a new principle, or a new idea; the Church from the beginning has been conscious of it. But there are times of energy, and times of languor, almost of forgetfulness, almost even of moods perilously near to denial, in the history of all the great principles, and the undying truths, of the Faith; and the consciousness of the Life of Christ being the vital principle of His Church on earth has had its ebb tides as well as its periods of positive flow. And in our own day, that tide has turned; now we are going forward on its flow.

The need for a conception of human unity is so urgent today that even the most grotesque forms of it are bound to find favor. Even the frightful parody of this Catholic truth of the Fatherhood of God (which makes real what otherwise can only seem the mad dream of the brotherhood of man, and of the unity of all men bound together in one body, effected through the Church of Christ) which has appeared in Russia, is being welcomed throughout the world. It is not surprising that such an evil caricature of Catholicism, which is Bolshevism, with its doctrine of Mass Man (the doctrine that all men and women are mere soulless units of a nationalistic human mechanism) is being eagerly received outside of Russia. This is because of the distorted, partial truth which Bolshevism contains. Against that nightmare illusion of deliverance from the frenzy of national rivalries, hatreds and mutually exclusive ambitions, and the poisons of profiteering and exploitation which have fatally infected the economic and political systems of all the world, there is one only vision, valid because of its truth, which has power to prevail—and that is Christianity, as expressed through its divine organism, the Catholic Church: which is the Body of Christ, in which all men and women are or can be incorporated. As Father Burke justly says, not reproachfully, but simply stating the obvious fact: outside the Catholic Church there is a bankruptcy of religious and moral teaching. And it is a bankruptcy for which no form of moratorium is possible.

> The systems that retained something of Christian truth are surrendering to secularism. No church except the Catholic Church ventures to speak with authority. No church except the Catholic Church maintains, enforces, a definite moral code. But the truth of human brotherhood, of justice to every man, of justice among nations and to the peoples of every nation is ultimately a spiritual truth. To say that it is a spiritual truth means that it is not dependent upon a legislative body, nor upon human law. It is to say that it is above human law and something that human law must respect, provide for, and support. The world will inevitably look for the foundation that will support this right, that will prove it to be a right; the world will inevitably look for the power that can give forth that truth to the world and win the acceptance of it, so that it will be a practical truth guiding the lives of individuals, of nations, of the whole society of humankind. That the Catholic Church is such a power is known to all her children.

How will the children of the Church proceed to make the power of the Church actual as well as potential? Many other questions suggest themselves as corollaries of that practical query. For example, how, and how promptly, may the children of the Church, led by their constituted authorities, coöperate with other Christians who are not in full communion with the parent body, but who yet certainly do retain and in many cases most vigorously express a part anyhow of the content of Christian truth? How also may the children of the Church coöperate with other men and women who have no union with any Christian organization, but who yet are loyal to the unchanging laws of nature, of which God is the Author, written in all human hearts, and guiding human lives, when unperverted by false philosophies, at least so far as the natural law may lead humanity? Such men and women are not willing to give up what Western Christian civilization means, and surrender either to moral anarchy or to Bolshevistic human slavery or to Oriental life-denying pessimism without a final struggle. With all such forces, the Church may

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surely coöperate; toward such forces, indeed, the Head of the Church on earth, the Holy Father, has again and again appealed for coöperation. But before such questions can be answered, the first one asked in this paragraph presses for a reply: how will the children of the Church proceed to make the power of the Church for good actual as well as potential?

Which question brings us back to Father Burke's book. I say Father Burke's book, because, with all due respect to the book's original author, by translating it for American and English readers Father Burke has not merely added one more volume of theological exposition, or theorizing, to the vast library of works of that kind which already store up the honey and wine and wheat of the spiritual treasures of the Church; he also has given us a practical text-book of action, a book in the light of which (that marvelous light reflected from the candles in the golden candlesticks of the vision of John the Divine) "The Joint Pastoral Letter of the American Bishops," issued in 1919, and the authoritative instructions issued by the National Catholic Welfare Conference for all our guidance, become still more plain and urgent, and, in the best sense of the word, efficient: workable.

For there is no intelligent layman or laywoman who cannot read this book with sufficient understanding, and with instant and permanent nourishment of his or her Catholic Christian faith. Decidedly, it is not light reading; but it is enlightening reading. As Father Burke tells us:

> The author has a way of making deep, enduring truths very plain, and then, somewhat after the manner of Saint Paul, of lifting us in comfort, consolation and strength to the conclusions, the fruits of such truths.

And, most importantly, he continues:

> One must not allow himself to be held back by the word, "mystical." Almost invariably we associate this word with mystery, or with the exalted state of certain spiritually favored ones to which we cannot aspire; or with a region of unreality. What we want, we say, is the reality, the actual. The reader will find the reality and the actual here in its fullness. Mystical is not the unreal, but the real. In order to speak of all the citizens of the United States at once, we say "the body of the American people." No one ever saw that body, or touched it, or heard it. It is not a visible, physical body as is our individual human body. It is a mystical body, something we do not see; it is very real; we are all part of it; and if we call it mystical, we do not mean thereby to say it is mysterious, but that it is a body in a different sense from the actual, particular, physical human body.

This is the truth that goes to the heart of the universal, undying life of the Catholic Church. Basing himself in his expression of that truth upon the principles of Saint Thomas Aquinas, Abbé Anger brings together the teachings of Saint Paul, and of Saint John the Divine, and of the early Fathers—those four who in especial fulness derived their inspiration from the doctrine of the Mystical Body: Saint Cyprian, the doctor of the unity of the Church; Saint John Chrysostom, "prince among the interpreters of Saint Paul"; Saint Augustine, "the favorite master of Saint Thomas"; and Saint Cyril of Alexandria, "the great doctor of the supernatural life." There are many others represented in the vast study of the patristic field, and of the Gospels which supplement and support with their higher authority the Epistles of Paul. And around the exposition of the central doctrine, all the main doctrines of Christianity are grouped, mutually strengthening each other and the one, whole, permanent thing, the abiding Church of Christ. No Catholic layman of average intelligence, sincerely interested in his Church, can fail to gain most practical profit from the study of such a work. What better book could such a Catholic find to put in the hands of any intelligent non-Catholic friend who truly cares to know what it is that holds the Church together—the life of the Church, the life more abundant that Christ gave to all men who will to receive it!

So may the great candles of high theology cast part at least of their golden light of revelation upon our paths of pilgrimage, upon our workshops and our homes. Here and there, now this man or woman, now some other, and increasingly so, turns some of his or her attention from newspapers, and magazines, and radios, and novels, back again to the soul-nourishing, mind-illuminating and heart-warming pages of practical theology. One upon a time, years ago, this writer happened to be in a church upon a day of festival when the altar and the shrines and every point of vantage blazed with many lights: the candles of tradition, the mystical wax, and the more modern electric bulbs. It was glorious. Then because there was a labor war in that city at that time, the electric power station was temporarily damaged and suddenly, with a sort of shock of darkness and disaster, all the artificial lights went out. But the flickering, yet abiding, the tremulous, yet living, light of the candles remained, and the ancient beauty of simplicity and naturalness, so full of grace, was with us for a while. The electric light came back; and that was well; the things of this world are good in themselves, and the sanctuary accepts them when they can be used for good; and so with the Church. Face to face with the world, it will help and console that world, if that world will but have it so; and it may have it so simply or by putting first things first—and God is that First Thing, God Who is not only the Theologian walking among the golden candlesticks of Saint John's vision, but Who also is man's Father, and his Brother too, walking this earth with man.

Blight

I cannot find the grape to make the wine;
I cannot find the wheat to make the bread;
I cannot find the soil to plant the vine;
Yet I can find the thorns to crown Your head.

SISTER MARY EULALIA.

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THE NEW DECLINE AND FALL

By CHRISTOPHER DAWSON

EVER since the war, Europe has been fighting a losing battle with the forces of dissolution. The world supremacy that European civilization possessed in the last century is a thing of the past and today its very existence is threatened.

It is not merely that Western industry and finance have lost their old monopoly in the world market, or that the political supremacy of Europe is being challenged by the insurrection of Oriental nationalism. Far more serious is the disappearance of the moral prestige of Western civilization and the denial of its spiritual and intellectual standards of value. The superiority of European culture has come to be regarded as a Victorian prejudice, and we are no longer convinced that our civilization is worth saving, even if it is still possible to save it. Faced by a situation that demands vigorous and heroic remedies, the average European intellectual seems prepared only to lie down and die.

Actually, although the material situation of Europe is difficult enough, it is far from hopeless. If Western Europe is considered as a unity, it is still the strongest, the most civilized, the richest and (with the exception of China) the most numerous society in the world. It still leads the world in science and thought and material culture. Even the United States, for all their wealth and prosperity are in a very real sense dependent on the civilization of Western Europe, and if the latter were to disappear, it is at least highly doubtful whether American civilization would be able to carry on.

Unfortunately, Europe is neither spiritually nor materially united. Apart from the external feuds that divide the Western nations and the class conflict that destroys the inner unity of every European state, there is a still more profound disunity of spirit that divides the European mind against itself. The greatest enemies of Europe are the leaders of European public opinion. Whenever a fresh attack is made by the external enemies of Europe, it is sure to find apologists and sympathizers within the camp. And these are not necessarily traitors, but more often well-meaning enthusiasts who have no clear conception of what is at stake.

The present situation in Spain is typical. The minority of atheists and social revolutionaries, whose activities are so much in evidence, would not be formidable if they were not able to take advantage of the passive complicity of the leaders of public opinion, who are more intent on the building of democratic castles in Spain than on preserving the foundations of social order. In the same way, if the British Empire falls, it will be due not so much to the efforts of Russian Bolsheviks and Indian nationalists or to the competition of her economic rivals, as to the misguided idealism of her own political and intellectual leaders.

The latter, in so far as they are imbued with the current Liberal-Socialist ideology, pay very little attention to the concrete dangers that threaten Western civilization. Their energies are absorbed in denouncing capitalism and class privilege, imperialism and militarism, religious obscurantism and traditional morality; and these abstractions tend in practice to be identified with the whole existing order of European society. Hence they look with tolerance on all the forces that are in revolt against it. To them Bolshevism is a great social experiment, not perhaps wholly suited to English conditions, but, nevertheless, deserving of our general appreciation and sympathy. Oriental nationalism stands for the same ideals of liberty and social progress as Western democracy. Our economic difficulties are due not to external causes, but to the exploitation of our own capitalists. There is no need to worry about the dangers of war and revolution. All we have to do is to disarm and meet our enemies with a generous gesture of renunciation, and all will be well.

To the Conservative this alliance of Liberal humanitarianism with the forces of destruction appears so insane that he is tempted to see in it the influence of political corruption or the sinister action of some hidden hand. It must, however, be recognized that it is no new phenomenon; in fact, it has formed part of the Liberal tradition from the beginning. The movement which created the ideals of Liberal humanitarianism was also the starting-point of the modern revolutionary propaganda which is equally directed against social order and traditional morality and the Christian faith.

Even the anti-imperialist propaganda of the modern Oriental nationalist, which represents the history of European colonial expansion as a series of crimes against humanity, can trace its pedigree back to the Abbé Raynal; and the religious policy of Russian Communism is but the practical application of Voltaire's famous maxim, "Ecrasez l'infame."

No doubt the worthy who looked forward to the day when "the last king should be strangled in the bowels of the last priest" would no more approve of the present order of things in Russia than did the late M. Clemenceau; but it was he and his like who first started the conflagration that is now spreading from one end of the world to the other.

But though this subversive element forms part of the original deposit of the faith in Liberalism, it has never been predominant save in the first delirious years of the French Revolution. Throughout the nineteenth century the extremists were in exile in Swiss pensions and Bloomsbury boarding-houses, and the ideals of English Parliamentary Liberalism were in the ascendant. Under the leadership of men like Bentham and the two Mills, Guizot and de Tocqueville, Cobden and

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Gladstone, Liberalism shed its revolutionary associations and became almost aggressively respectable. Far from being anti-religious or antinomian, it allied itself with the straitest sect of Protestant Evangelicalism. Indeed, the great social and humanitarian reforms of the nineteenth century, at least in this country, owe even more to the influence of religion than to that of political Liberalism. As M. Halévy has pointed out, the political idealism of the French Liberals was powerless to free the slaves of the Antilles; it was the religious inspiration of Wilberforce and his friends that carried the day.

No doubt these nineteenth-century philanthropists with their moral solemnity, their religious prejudices and their personal mannerisms, appear highly ridiculous in the light of the modern Stracheyan intelligence. But for all that, they did more to reduce the sum of human suffering than any body of men before or since.

They abolished the slave trade and reformed the incredible injustices of the penal code. They brought light into the dark places of the earth—the prisons and madhouses and slave barracoons. They freed the children from the mines and the factories and inaugurated the social control of the conditions of industry in an age when organized labor was still powerless to help itself.

The success of the humanitarian movement was primarily due to a working alliance between the forces of political reform and religious idealism. But it was not confined to any single group or party; it was essentially the common achievement of Western society. It appealed to every element of European culture, not only to Liberal freethinkers like Bentham and Godwin, but to orthodox Conservatives like Shaftesbury and Michael Sadler, to Wordsworth and Southey, no less than to Shelley and Lamartine, to Catholic prelates such as Ketteler and Manning, as well as to visionary enthusiasts like St. Simon and Pierre Leroux. Indeed, so universal was the acceptance of the humanitarian ideal that the average Englishman takes it for granted as something inevitable and fails to realize how recent and exceptional a phenomenon it is. After all, it is hardly more than a century since an English king abolished the use of judicial torture in Hanover, it is less than a century since Parliament abolished slavery and introduced the first Factory Act, while the emancipation of Russian serfs and slaves of the American plantations only dates from the sixties of the last century.

Consequently, it is still too early to judge whether the humanitarian movement of the nineteenth century represents a permanent gain or whether it is a temporary achievement, like that of Greek democracy. Certainly since the war there are ominous signs of an anti-humanitarian reaction. We have seen the revival of political terrorism and religious persecution, the massacre and intimidation of minorities and the emergence of the gunman and the professional assassin. Torture seems to have become an accepted part of police methods alike in Eastern Europe and in America, while in Russia a large part of the population has been reduced to a condition hardly distinguishable from serfdom.

No doubt it may be said that this reaction is mainly confined to the outer lands which had never really assimilated the ideals of Western humanitarianism. But even in so far as this is true (for it is only partially true), it does not go to the root of the matter. The significant fact in the present situation is not that certain countries have failed to reach the higher standards of Western Europe, but that Western Europe has lost the prestige by which it was once able to impose these standards on the rest of the world.

To the modern Russians and Indians and Chinese, Western Europe stands not for Liberal ideas and humane institutions, but for tyranny and cruelty.

The fantastic Russian posters and films which depict Frenchmen burning Negroes at the stake and Englishmen driving coolies to work under the lash are but the most extreme instances of the anti-Western propaganda that has convinced the more backward peoples of their own moral superiority, and has taught them to regard the humanitarian standards of European civilization as a mere sham.

Hence the disadvantage under which Western Europe, and most of all Great Britain, labors in its dealings with Oriental peoples. The Englishman's hands are tied by his own principles, as we see in India today, so that he cannot in good conscience suppress Oriental unrest by Oriental methods. But the Russian and the Oriental are fettered by no such inhibitions. They can act with all the ruthlessness of their own pre-humanitarian traditions and yet feel that they are morally superior to the Western peoples. This is strikingly exemplified in the attitude of the Russian government in its dealings with the kulaks. When Western critics protest against the atrocity in the wholesale "liquidation" of millions of peasants, they reply with an air of injured innocence that their behavior is at least more humane than that of capitalist societies, which in similar circumstances would not merely "liquidate" but would "physically annihilate" their disloyal minorities. And it is quite possible that they believe what they say, since they have entirely lost sight of the real conditions of Western society in their concentration on the iniquities of that mythological Mumbo Jumbo—the capitalist system. Actually it is impossible to conceive of any Western government dealing with its unemployed as the Bolsheviks have dealt with the kulaks, and were they to do so, there would be such a universal outburst of indignation as would inevitably lead to international action and perhaps to foreign intervention.

But in the case of the kulaks there has been no such outburst. The Socialists and the Liberal intelligentsia have shut their eyes to the vast tragedy of human suffering that is involved in the policy of "liquidation." They regard it as a necessary step toward the creation of a new order which will put an end to the exploitation of man by man. It is, of course, necessary to un-

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derstand the term "exploitation" in a Socialist or Pickwickian sense. A Western artisan, who earns high wages under good conditions of work, is always a wage slave and a victim of exploitation. But the kulak who is deported from his village, together with his wife and children, and sent to compulsory labor in the peat bogs and forests of the far North is not being exploited; he is merely a reformed exploiter.

No doubt their attitude can be justified by the principle which Prince Mirski, one of the latest converts to Communism, has laid down in his recent book on Lenin, namely, that "the one standard of human behavior is whether it contributes to or hinders the cause of Socialism." But what then is left of the humanitarian principles to which Socialism formerly appealed? If humanity can be outraged in one class simply because its existence is an obstacle to the Five-Year Plan, the majority can also be treated in the same ruthless fashion when the needs of the economic system require it. We are back again in the world of Oriental ideas in which human suffering and the sacrifice of individual personality are of no account before the impersonal and inhuman forces that govern the state and the world.

These ideals, whether represented by the old autocracy of a god-king or the new absolutism of a mass dictatorship, are in absolute contradiction to the characteristically Western ideal of a society based on moral principles, and on the rights of the human personality. And, however confident we may be of the intrinsic superiority of this idea, we cannot be as certain of its power to prevail as were the men of the last century. Its future is bound up with the future of Western civilization, and today there can be little doubt that that civilization is in very grave danger. Another European war on the scale of the last one—above all, a war in which Russia and Germany and Italy were ranged against France and Poland and Jugoslavia—would almost undoubtedly consummate the ruin of Europe. And, even if we avoid this catastrophe, there is no less danger of a gradual collapse under the increasing pressure of economic strain, anti-European propaganda and social disaffection.

If the forces of order continue to follow their present flaccid policy of passive resistance, the case is hopeless. Europe can be saved only by a conscious and deliberate effort on the part of all the loyal elements of society in defense of our common civilization and of the spiritual principles on which it rests.

A movement of this kind is not easy, since any pro-European policy comes into conflict at once with the forces of Socialist internationalism and cosmopolitan finance, and with those of militant nationalism. Hitherto we have had nationalism and internationalism, but no third alternative. Socialism bases its appeal on international class-consciousness—on the common interests that unite the proletariat of every land against their exploiters. The nationalist, on the other hand, feels, as Mr. Wyndham Lewis puts it in his recent book on Hitler,

> that the fact that a man is a sorter at the post-office or a metal worker is not of such importance as that he is English, German, French or Chinese. Take a Chinese metal worker and a German metal worker, for instance. The fact that both were metal workers would not be so important as that the essential nature of one came out of all the past of China, and the essential nature of the other out of all the past of the white Northern races.

This is true enough; unfortunately, the pure nationalist—the Fascist or the Nazi—fails to recognize what is implied in the second part of this passage. He concentrates on the national consciousness and ignores the existence of that common culture which has made us what we are. He is prepared to let Europe go to hell, in the interests of his own political unit. And yet Europe is not a mere abstraction or a geographical expression, it is a true society; and it is only through their communion with it that the nationalities of Europe are what they are. Germany or France, apart from Europe, is nothing. They draw their life from their membership of the European society. And thus every great European war is of the nature either of a civil war or a revolution, as we see in the wars of religion, the wars of the revolutionary era, and the wars in which a particular nation—the Spain of Philip II, the France of Louis XIV, or the Germany of William II—attempts to assert its hegemony over the other members of the European state system.

The true basis of this European community is a spiritual one. Europe has been formed by Christianity in the same way that Moslem culture has been formed by Islam, or China by Confucianism. No doubt European civilization is a more complex growth, and it owes a great deal to other factors, such as the classical culture and the Renaissance, or the scientific tradition. But it is Christianity which is at once the original bond of European unity, and the source of the spiritual ideals and the attitude to life which inspired our civilization.

The enemies of Europe recognize this fact more clearly than we do ourselves, and that is why Christianity is everywhere the first object of Communist attacks, and why the creation of a materialist ideology and a new moral attitude is regarded by the Russian government as essential to the success of the Communist experiment. Whatever their faults, the Communist leaders are men of principle, and this gives them an immense advantage over the Western democratic politician who has been taught to put interests—his own interests, or those of his party, or those of his state—in the place of principles. The salvation of the West depends on the reversal of this tendency—on the return to the spiritual tradition and the subordination of class and national interests to absolute principles. If this can be accomplished, the recovery of Western civilization is still possible. If not, we must resign ourselves to the victory of a lower culture and a less humane social order that can yet inspire a stronger moral conviction and a higher standard of disinterestedness than can our own.

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THE CATHOLIC RURAL LIFE MOVEMENT

By FRANK O'HARA

IT HAS long been know that city populations tend to die out when they are not constantly revivified by currents of fresh blood from the country; that the Catholic Church in the United States is relatively weak in the rural districts; that there are few Catholic schools and hospitals away from the cities; that there has been a notable leakage from the Faith in places remote from religious influence; that Catholic children grow up to manhood and womanhood in the country with a minimum of church contacts; that many rural pastors unite their influence with other influences that select the strong and the capable among rural youth for transportation to the city, leaving the rural population leaderless or badly led; and that many rural pastors, looking longingly to the day when they will be transferred to city parishes, are unable to enter heartily into the problems of their parishioners.

It has also been known for a long time that many priests going to the country joyously accept the challenge of its varied problems, spiritual, educational, social and economic; that the country churches can be best supported where the parishioners are good farmers; that coöperative effort has many advantages over isolated effort; that children can be taught religion in the summer-time; and that it is worth while to try to abolish religious prejudice. But all of this knowledge, as long as it remained inert, did not constitute a movement. It was not until the knowledge was mobilized and started on its way that the Catholic Rural Life Movement could be said to exist.

This movement may be said to have had its beginnings in 1920. In that year the Reverend Edwin V. O'Hara (now Bishop O'Hara of Great Falls, Montana) read a paper on "The Rural Problem in Its Bearing on Education," before the National Catholic Educational Association, in which he called attention to some of the things that had been neglected in the country. It was in that year too that he was made director of the Rural Life Bureau in the National Catholic Welfare Council, and that he asked for and received the appointment to the pastorate of the rural parish at Eugene, Oregon. He had been pastor in the cathedral parish in Portland and superintendent of diocesan schools, as well as chairman of the State Industrial Welfare Commission, but he took the directorship of the Rural Life Bureau seriously and wished to have his headquarters located in rural surroundings. There is no space here to tell of the early studies of the bureau and the early efforts to bring together all those who were desirous of coöperating for a healthier Catholic rural life. Much of the story is told in *St. Isidore's Plow,* a monthly paper "devoted to the promotion of rural welfare," the first copy of which was published in October, 1922. Father O'Hara continued to edit this paper until in January, 1925, it was replaced by *Catholic Rural Life,* under the editorship of Father M. B. Schiltz of Des Moines, Iowa.

In an editorial in the first number of *St. Isidore's Plow* we read:

> It is told of Saint Isidore, our patron, that when he guided the plow angels labored on either side and he accomplished the work of three; which legend is significant of the fruitful enterprise of those who draw the plowshare—the Christian sword—with religious faith. They will wield a triple power: first, they will make farming, our basic industry, a better business; second, they will enhance for multitudes the joy of living in the country; and third, they will extend the kingdom of God on earth. To turn a few sods in this vast demesne, Saint Isidore's plow proceeds on its way.

During the first year of its existence Saint Isidore's plow had done its work to such good purpose that on November 8, 1923, the first national Catholic Rural Life Conference was called to meet in St. Louis, Missouri. Archbishop Glennon, and Bishops Muldoon, Drumm, McNicholas and Wehrle were present, as well as sixty priests from eighteen dioceses. The conference lasted three days, and in that time a constitution was adopted and a permanent organization formed. The heads under which the resolutions of the conference were reported in *St. Isidore's Plow* indicate the nature of the problems with which the conference busied itself. They were: Religious Education, Correspondence Course in Christian Doctrine, Rural Church Extension, Farm Home Planning, Recreation, Rural Sodalities, Rural Sisterhoods, Central Verein's Rural Work, Catholic Union of Missouri, and Coöperation with Agricultural Colleges.

During the three days' period several joint sessions were held with the American Country Life Association, which was meeting in St. Louis at the same time. At the dinner held jointly by the two associations Archbishop Glennon and Secretary of Agriculture Wallace delivered the addresses. The coöperation of the two associations in a joint meeting was the occasion of an editorial in the *Christian Century* of November 8, 1923, which said, in part:

> At the coming meeting of the American Country Life Association, the Roman Catholics will be present in force, though they are a minor factor in the rural life of America. The rural churches are predominantly Protestant, and at the present time sick unto death. It is the testimony of Farm Bureau leaders that they are securing much more coöperation from Catholics than from Protestants.

Father Thomas R. Carey was elected president of the conference for the first year and was reëlected the following year. He was at the time superior of St.

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Philip Neri Mission House at Lapeer, Michigan, where he conducted a rural experimental mission under the auspices of the Catholic Church Extension Society.

During his term of office annual conference meetings were held in Milwaukee and in St. Paul. Although the numbers attending the meetings in those early days were much smaller than they have been for the past two or three years, their zeal for the cause was no whit less than at present. Up to this time the official organ, *St. Isidore's Plow,* had been financed by Father O'Hara. Now it was decided to publish a larger paper and to give it a wider circulation. Fifty members of the conference donated $100 each toward the founding of the new paper which was to be known as *Catholic Rural Life*. Father Schiltz of Des Moines, Iowa, was the first editor of the paper, and it was in this period that emphasis began to be placed upon boys' and girls' club work, both in the pages of the monthly and in the annual conference meetings. But Father Schiltz was too valuable a man to be left in the city, where many could be found to do the work. He was sent to Panama, Iowa, where he built up the best and best-organized rural parish in the state of Iowa and one of the best in the United States.

Father A. J. Luckey of Manhattan, Kansas, was elected president of the conference in 1924, and under his able administration the program was widened and enriched. It was at this time that Father William P. McDermott of Racine, Wisconsin, became editor of *Catholic Rural Life* and created a place for dramatics in the rural program. This was the period of infancy, too, for the religious vacation schools and the parish credit unions. The religious vacation schools have since experienced a development little short of marvelous. Their program has been improved and standardized, and they are now to be found each summer in a hundred dioceses, some of which conduct more than a hundred schools each. These schools are attended in the main by pupils who do not have the opportunity of attending the regular parochial schools. Parish credit unions had already been tried out and proved successful in the French Canadian parishes of New England, but now they were to show themselves adapted to the needs of other sections of the country as well. In these two enterprises valuable assistance was rendered by the National Council of Catholic Women, the German Catholic Central Verein and other organizations. The annual conferences were held in Cincinnati, Ohio, East Lansing, Michigan, and Atchison, Kansas, during Father Luckey's administration.

Father W. Howard Bishop, who has been president of the conference since 1927, has presided over annual meetings in Des Moines, Iowa, Springfield, Illinois, and Wichita, Kansas. There is not room here to speak of Father Bishop's ideal rural parish in Clarksville, Maryland, with its excellent parochial school and parish credit union and boys' and girls' clubs, nor of the League of the Little Flower, of which he is president, which has as its task the raising of money to support rural parishes in Maryland, nor of the religious vacation schools which have come into existence under his care in the Archdiocese of Baltimore. Father Bishop has been especially interested in the problem of religious prejudice in rural communities and methods of overcoming it. During his administration adult study clubs have been built up in many places and the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, already established in a few dioceses, has extended its influence.

During the whole of its existence the Catholic Rural Life Conference has operated in close contact with the Rural Life Bureau of the National Catholic Wefare Conference, the director of the bureau being always the executive secretary of the conference. Through this arrangement and through the publication of the official paper, the organization has been able to keep continuously in contact with the different projects that were being worked out in the various fields of interest, and it has often been possible to lend assistance to save the individual worker from discouragement.

In the earlier years Father O'Hara was able to take care of his work as director of the Rural Life Bureau in the National Catholic Welfare Conference and as executive secretary of the Catholic Rural Life Conference, from his parish in Eugene, Oregon. But as the work became heavier he moved his office to the Welfare Conference headquarters in Washington, D. C. When he was made Bishop of Great Falls he was elected honorary president of the Catholic Rural Life Conference, and Father Edgar Schmiedeler, O.S.B., succeeded to the positions he had held in both organizations. Father Schmiedeler had already attracted attention to his work in the rural field through his scholarly studies on the rural family.

From the beginning members of the hierarchy have given their support to the Catholic rural movement. Bishop Muldoon of Rockford, Illinois, as chairman of the Social Action Department in the National Catholic Welfare Conference attended the earlier annual sessions and gave the movement his benediction. His successor in the chairmanship, Bishop Lillis of Kansas City, has continued to give it his support and sanction. At the annual conference held in October six bishops were in attendance, in addition to Bishop Schwertner of the Wichita diocese. For several years past the Home Mission Board has been given substantial support to the conference's campaign for the extension of religious vacation schools.

In this brief history of the Catholic Rural Life Conference it is not possible to give any account of the great amount of energy and good-will on the part of individuals and organizations that has been harnessed and put to work for the cause of a better Catholic rural life. The movement appears to be loosely organized, and yet it proceeds on its way with a minimum of internal friction and a high degree of efficient action, gathering momentum as it goes. Problems are discussed at the annual meetings that the conference cannot do anything about, but such discussions are in a

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very small minority. For the most part the program is concerned with things that are to be done. The members of the conference come together to learn from one another the lessons of experience. Many of them come long distances at great inconvenience because they wish to give and to receive. One priest drove 1,500 miles with four of his parishioners to attend the recent conference in Wichita. Others paid railroad fare to come longer distances. Here is Catholic Action.

OVER THE SEA TO SKYE

By L. A. G. STRONG

IT WAS undoubtedly, a risky thing to do. We had Old Michael with us, and he is knowledgeable as any living man: but even he emits sardonic chuckles whenever any of his neighbors rally him on the madness of the expedition. There are days when even the most cautious of men go wild—and this was one of them. As it happened, we were actually in danger for about six seconds. But I had better begin at the beginning.

There must have been the bare idea, the germ of daring, at the back of our four minds as we set out, that perfect morning, to row along the coast to Mallaig. The circumstances were suspicious. We had no particular reason for going to Mallaig at all. Of course, there was some shopping to do. Michael spoke of a new anchor rope, and a dozen or more hooks to be put on the long line: but we all knew quite well that there was no urgency about these matters, and that anyhow the car ran over twice a week. We wished, it is true, to verify the directions a fisherman in expansive mood had given us at the inn. Off Glasnacardoch, with such and such a bearing, there was, he averred, a rock of unparalleled excellence for the catching of lithe. But one catches lithe in the evening. No one in his senses would row four miles to see if a rock was where it was said to be, and then row back again. Yet we all assured one another solemnly of the importance of these reasons, and set off, in the sparkling freshness of an August morning, down the colored coast, past the white sands of Morar, and along the grimmer rocky shores that lead to Mallaig. And, every now and then, eyes would turn furtively to the shining expanse of water that flowed between us and the mountainous Isle of Skye.

We went easily, bewitched by morning. The rowlocks creaked, the wave chattered under the bow, the seabirds rose a little way in the air, and settled again upon the rocks. Then a haze of smoke stained the air, and we smelt herrings. Mallaig —that queer, bleak, ugly, yet endearing western terminus, from which one can go nowhere but over the water, or back long miles to Fort William and the south. We were nearly there. Gulls screamed over it in a cloud as thick as flies, engines shunted in a rocky wilderness, smoke rose, drifters whistled, and men called uncouthly in clipped accents from the quays. Mallaig—as disturbing in the nobility of the western coast as a carcass on a mountain road.

I think it was the smoke that decided us. Anyhow, without a word spoken, we had all four simultaneously resolved to cross. It was calm: not too bright: there was no wind.

"What do you say, Michael?"

"Och, we might."

No more was said. We looked at each other with eyes full of excitement, which admitted the determination in each heart.

"We'll have to go in and get some things."

"Och aye."

Getting into the harbor was no easy task. Every available foot of space was taken up by herring-boats, some of which were still unloading, while the others, having discharged their cargo, were endeavoring to back out and put to sea again. We threaded our way between them, round bows and under sterns, replying with spirit to greetings and cheerful objurgations from the decks. It was hopeless to try to land at the slip: we made for a rock, and scrambled ashore amid masses of dead fish.

The little town was crowded with trippers, but as most of them were watching the herring-girls and listening to the auctions on the quay, our shopping did not take long. It was slightly complicated by the fact that one of us had to stay all the time and guard the boat, Old Michael having a poor opinion of Mallaig honesty. Michael's "shopping" was left till last: but twenty minutes after our arrival, he scrambled on board, wiping his moustache on the back of his hand, and we set off on our momentous voyage.

It took a long time to get any appreciable distance from the shore. The crossing from Mallaig to Armadale is only four miles, but the waters of the Sound are liable to sudden storms, and heavy seas sweep down from the Kyle. On such a day as the present, there was little likelihood of this happening: but the weather on this part of the western coast can change in a few minutes, and even the oldest inhabitant seldom dares prophesy more than half a day ahead. A stout motor-boat makes several journeys to and fro during the day, but even this is often constrained to clap its passengers under hatches and wallow home with decks awash. It will be understood, therefore, that in a twelve-foot rowboat we were being, to say the least, a little venturesome.

The motor-boat started soon after us, went cheerily past, and for the next half-hour we watched its white hull dwindle till it reached the wooded slopes of Armadale. Mallaig seemed still close, but a huge mountain above it had grown in stature, and we could see far up the noble waters of Loch Nevis. Our own coast, with its white sands and small green headlands, began to expand southward. I looked at Skye, and realized for the first time that we were perceptibly nearer. The white cottages stood out more clearly: the cultivated slope looked less like a patchwork quilt; the Point of Sleat had fallen back and hidden behind a hump.

And here, when we were just half-way across, we had our one moment of danger, not realized till it was past. The surface a quarter of a mile away was suddenly broken by a huge bulk that rose, arched over, and submerged again with a sigh. Before we could speak, another rose closer, the sun glinting on its wet oily back. Then a sigh behind us made us turn, to see the water broken between us and the mainland.

Old Michael gazed round under his craggy brows.

"Good gra-shee-yus!" he ejaculated. "It's a chwhales!"

A whole school of whales—we counted seven—was heading up Loch Nevis in pursuit of mackerel. Then came our moment. Something, I don't know what, made me look over the gunwale. As I peered into the green, living water, a whale passed clean under the boat. I cannot describe the eery, sickening feeling: it was like seeing the side of a house slide by, ten feet beneath one. He came up not twenty yards from the boat, flung himself lazily and luxuriously to one side, and disappeared with a hoarse sigh and a burst of creaming water. While we still watched open-mouthed, he came up a hundred yards further off, and leaped sheer out of the water like a salmon—thirty shining feet of him—falling back flat with a report as of a thunder-clap. Then the school had passed us.

Old Michael, spitting over the side, commented forcibly upon his inconsiderate conduct.

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"I get a fright," he concluded, and addressed himself with increased vigor to his oar.

Forty minutes later we were rowing up to the little cliffs of Armadale. Skye, a veritable fairyland, dreamed before us in the rich sunshine. We bore to the left of the harbor, entering a little bay close to the village. The deep woods promised shade, but shade meant midges; we spied the ideal place for our meal under a tiny cliff, covered with bushes that came right down to the edge of the water. Beneath it we anchored the boat, slithered across long tresses of yellow weed, and sat down to our food. We were hungry.

That was one of the best meals I have ever eaten. A single tree warded off the sun. Salt water kept away the midges. We ate and drank with deep contentment, gazing upon the marvelous panorama of the coast we had left behind us: a noble, arrested rhapsody of rock and mountain, stretching to the limit of sight in both directions, and above it all, twenty miles to the south, the towering, shadowed peak of Roshven.

Old Michael did not wish to stay long, but he did wish to "catch the shop" in the village. The others went with him; I climbed back into the boat, and lay on my stomach watching the life in the brilliant forest of weed ten feet below me. Pulling gently on the anchor-rope, I altered my position, to the great perplexity and interest of three small green fish and a blue crab with incredibly long arms. It seemed no time till sounds of slithering and a picturesque curse from Michael announced that the party was complete.

There is an indefinable friendliness about the Isle of Skye. The very rocks and woods seem to know that time is of little concern and that you will soon be back again. It is hard to imagine saying good-bye to it. Even at this moment, six hundred miles away, I feel somehow within easy reach of the little street of Ardvasar and the low wooded bay of Armadale.

When we were half-way across, a great yacht passed us, white and indolent as a lily on the calm water. There was breeze enough to take her gently down the Sound, but not a sign of more; and Michael decided to save time and distance by making straight for the Morar River, instead of going to Mallaig and hugging the coast; one side of a triangle instead of two. A man on the yacht, in white flannels, after staring at us curiously, hailed us and asked what we were doing.

"Going back to Morar."

"You mean to say you cross in that thing?"

"What's wrong with her?" called Michael.

The man laughed. "Oh, nothing, I'm sure," he replied, and continued to stare after us as the yacht slowly glided to the west. An hour and a half later we were off the Morar estuary. Then, just to show us it had been indulgent and was perfectly capable of dealing with us in any way it thought fit, the weather summoned from nowhere one of the heaviest showers it has ever been my fortune to see. Starting with enormous drops which burst and rang like little silver bells on the still water, it grew to a downpour upon which the light shone and gleamed as on delicate rods of steel. The surface of the sea became extraordinary. The raindrops no longer hit it; it leaped up to meet them. Myriads of little dark worms shot up their little spiteful heads through a wide sheet of silver, till one's eyes fluttered and one's ears tingled. Then, irrationally as it had begun, the rain sheered off, and went stiffly out to sea, blotting out the place from which we had come.

We reached home in good order at half-past six, and for a week afterward Old Michael was making nonchalant replies to the two sections of the community—those who thought him a hero, and those who thought him merely a lunatic.

COMMUNICATIONS

PORTO RICO

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: In the December 9 issue of THE COMMONWEAL appears a letter from William Franklin Sands, which calls attention to a discrepancy of opinion between President Hoover and the Committee on Dependencies of the Catholic Association for International Peace. Without questioning Mr. Sand's authoritative knowledge of the affairs of the Aguirre company during the period of his stay in Porto Rico, it must be said that some of his generalizations do not adequately represent the substance of the committee's report.

He charges it with attributing the troubles of the island primarily to the three most important sugar companies in Porto Rico, rather than to overpopulation, the cause on which the President lays most stress. Its conclusion places no such emphasis on these companies, but rather questions the wisdom of the entire agricultural system on the island, where sugar-producing, by nature a large-scale industry, has become almost the only industry in the lowlands. It has thus crowded out small farming and the diversified cultivation which would permit a more balanced economy.

Mr. Sands further declares that the principal criticisms of these companies were (a) absentee ownership; (b) "violation or evasion of the land law by these three American corporations, resulting in an illegal or improper control of land to the exclusion of native Porto Ricans; (c) exploitation of labor through plantation stores; (d) paternalistic control of labor." Two of these charges are inaccurate, and all of them are given undue emphasis by him in the face of the fact that the first three questions occupy a total of seven and a half pages out of forty-six pages in the report, and the fourth does not appear.

As to absentee ownership, the committee report specifically states that capital investment cannot be confined to countries of residence of the owners, but also states that absentee ownership is likely to dull the investor's sense of social responsibility. Although it may have been the settled policy of the founders of the Aguirre company to maintain one director in residence in Porto Rico during the first fifteen years of its history, or even longer, this does not change the fact that in 1930 a group of prominent economists who had surveyed the organization of sugar-production the year preceding, attributed to the ownership of foreigners almost one-fifth of the entire wealth of the island, over and above all the wealth of Porto Ricans invested outside of Porto Rico (Victor Clark and associates, "Porto Rico and Its Problems"). To quote from page 418 of this report: "These figures gain added significance from the fact that the share belonging to foreigners represents active, productive capital; whereas the share belonging to Porto Ricans includes personal property as well as productive capital." And further: "Approximately two-thirds of the securities of the sugar corporations and most of those of the tobacco companies and public utilities are held outside the island."

As to the land law, a thorough reading of the committee report would have disclosed the fact that the committee did not condemn large-scale production in itself. It admitted that sugar is adapted to large-scale cultivation, but wished to see less sugar production on poorer land under an American tariff bonus. It was necessary to mention the 500-acre land law and the fact that it could be readily evaded, when one explained the admitted concentration of large areas of land in the hands of a few companies, and the relative insignificance of other crops in the island. That this concentration has taken place, and by no

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means chiefly by a leasing process, is substantiated by the aforementioned survey, page 496. There one finds that in 1917, 477 individuals, partnerships and corporations, many of them affiliated, owned land in excess of 500 acres apiece, to the total amount of over 535,000 acres, and leased in addition over 123,000 acres; whereby they "owned nearly one-third, and controlled through ownership and lease over one-half, of the assessed capital land value of Porto Rico." Later figures show even further concentration. These facts are matters of common knowledge, corroborated by the figures in official United States government reports. The committee did not, however, stand on legality in this matter, but rather on humanity. It did not lay the evils of Porto Rico on the evasion of the law, but some members even felt that the unenforceable law might better be written off the law books. The committee would, however, substitute for almost exclusive sugar-production some policy of the reduction of the sugar acreage, the sharing of estates, diversification of agriculture, and the increase of small holdings owned by residents, whether Porto Rican or of foreign origin.

In the whole committee discussion there was no implication that property acquisition was technically or morally illegitimate, but rather that in Porto Rico the actual result of creating homeless day-laborers out of small land-owners was certainly unfortunate and probably unjust. As legal adviser, Mr. Sands must appreciate the distinction between justice and legality. The small landowner, unable to buy proper machinery for sugar production, and unable to choose between companies, might lease his land to the nearest sugar company, at the "exorbitant rates" mentioned (which nevertheless yielded a high rate of interest to American capital, and left no general visible improvement of the lessor's state); or he might of his own free will sell outright, at what seemed to him a high price. The net result was that without other varied means of earning income, the small landowner found himself within a small space of time without either land or income. To the committee the "serious charge" was not the evasion of a law which was never provided with machinery of enforcement, but rather the bare truth that the overwhelming predominance of sugar-production has left multitudes of men without adequate means of subsistence.

Neither has the committee report condemned company stores outright. On the contrary, the report says specifically that "company stores can be well and thoughtfully run." It did, however, quote from the report of an agent of the United States government in 1919 to the effect that plantation laborers who had no other means of buying could be, and sometimes were, kept in a state of semi-peonage. In a state of more diversified production there would be more opportunity for sound private enterprise, or community enterprise; and the committee recommended the introduction of coöperative stores, and, as a very necessary measure, the further education of the consumers in proper habits of consumption.

There was no general consideration of any "paternalistic control of labor" in the report—partly because there was little evidence on that subject, on which to base discussion. In one sense, moreover, the committee is itself recommending such interest, in process of the change to a more self-sustaining economy. Instead of such discussion, the committee confined itself to well-known and well-authenticated facts of labor conditions and standards of living in Porto Rico, and suggested not one, but many, measures which might have some effect of ameliorating most hopeless conditions of living. After the pamphlet was in press came further facts regarding experiments in which Governor Roosevelt is interested: experiments in secondary vocational instruction, in adult education, in parceling out small homesteads for diversified cultivation under governmental agricultural supervision.

The committee did not deny that improvements had been made in building sanitary labor quarters, etc.; but for this, much credit must be given to the regulations laid down by the early military administration, the United States Public Health Service, and especially to the Rockefeller Foundation. It might be added that the amounts spent out of the insular finances for health are second only to those spent for education and for public works and sanitation. However much has been done, more must be accomplished before anyone can rest on laurels won.

As for overpopulation—here Mr. Sands is tilting at the President rather than at the peace association committee. With due respect for the Chief Executive, the committee distinctly considered him in error, both in his emphasis on this point and in his practical exclusion of any other cause for the ills of the island. Mr. Sands cannot imply that the committee of the Catholic peace society did not recognize the difficulties created by overpopulation, or that, recognizing them, it went on to advocate the artificial forms of restriction of population which could not, thirty years ago, be discussed at a "gentlemen's directors' meeting." One might be reasonably curious to know whether "manly vices" are recognized by moral theologians. The committee discussed only one means of relief for overpopulation—the more or less inefficacious method of encouraging emigration. Though it did not raise the subject, it would not be contrary to wholly Catholic ideals that it should encourage the combination of newly diversified interests and raised standards of economic consumption and recreation together with the practice of Catholic principles of self-restraint as a further means of adjusting production to consumption. This is in accord with Dr. Halliday Sutherland's thesis that natural fertility increases as the standard of living falls.

It is not necessary that one advocate a dictatorship either of labor or of capital when one calls attention to the necessity for analyzing the Porto Rican situation; nor has the committee advocated either one. In these times it has, however, become something of an economic truism that labor unions are not an effective method, however "proper" a method they may be, to use in the struggle against the exploitation of human beings, especially where there is a surplus of labor. Mr. Samuel Gompers well knew the circumstances under which labor organization could obtain results, and it is not surprising that he did not advocate the development of labor unions in Porto Rico when such groups could not have possibly dealt with the economic organization of the producing industry, engaged in any fruitful collective bargaining, or aided a cause which needs many years of patient toil and trial in high places, and the aroused public conscience of the American people before it can be settled. Whatever may have been Mr. Gompers's sentiments at the time Mr. Sands met him, it is certain that the American Federation of Labor, which reflected Gompers's leadership, was thoroughly in favor of union organization in Porto Rico during the third decade of the twentieth century. For support of this statement see "American Federation of Labor Proceedings," 1925, page 358.

It is only just to say that the report on Porto Rico criticized by Mr. Sands is not the report of the entire association, but the work of one committee, which had received the consideration and the criticism of the chairmen of other committees, and also that of a large number of people of long experience in Porto Rico, before it was sent to the press. This answer to the criticism now leveled against it speaks only for the chairman of the committee which sponsored the report.

ELIZABETH M. LYNSKEY.

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CATHOLIC LEAKAGE

Rochester, N. Y.

TO the Editor: May I have my little say on the question of the leakage? And may I also pay THE COMMONWEAL the same delicate compliment paid by "Sacerdos Senex" by saying that I first read about Dr. O'Brien's paper in your magazine?

By reason of clerical appointments and preference my work in the priesthood has been chiefly with the education of the young. In classroom and recreation I have attempted to impregnate their lives with the faith of Holy Mother Church. I flatter myself that I know something about children and that my interest in them is returned by their confidence and trust in me. It is especially at recreation that they make me their confidant, tell me their troubles and incidentally reveal the effects of religious training upon their hearts and minds. And this brings me to what I consider one of the sources of the leakage from the Church. It is the teaching of religion by means of the catechism method.

I am not arguing from theory but from actual concrete results. This conviction has been the result of years of observation and contact: the catechism method of teaching religion is a tragic failure. You may justify the use of the catechism by qualifying your methods; but the ordinary result of using the catechism is the road of least resistance—just make the children learn the answers by heart. Let that suffice. If you notice your young men and women wavering in their faith and perhaps falling away, repeat the old adage that "what is good enough for me is good enough for them." Many salve their consciences by saying that they are all good boys and girls and that all say their prayers. No doubt they say their prayers, but will they continue to say them when they come up against the world, with its deadening atmosphere of paganism and unbelief? And how inadequate are the questions and answers of a catechism to a modern flesh-and-blood boy or girl! In the ages of faith when the culture of the world was Christian, and belief the ordinary possession of men, the object of a religious education was to arm the children against heresy and false interpretation of religion; in those days a catechism may have sufficed. Today the world no longer argues over shades of meanings, it denies the substance. The milieu of our time is unbelief. If faith is to survive, it must be planted like the mustard seed in tiny hearts; it must be nourished until it becomes a mighty tree and can stand against the storms which certainly will assail it.

The catechism is an appeal directed at the intellect. The child's growth is not by way of his intellect; he does not reason and analyze until he has reached the secondary schools. The child's faith is a combination of imagination, heart, will and activity. What is over and above these four faculties, he casts overboard. Besides, the child lives only for the day. He takes his childish food for heart and mind as it is presented to him; he does not remember intellectual appeals or formulae; only the imagination remembers broad, sweeping outlines. To feed him on catechism answers, difficult theological formulae, which often the priest himself cannot fully understand or explain, and to expect that this is going to feed the plant of faith in his heart, and nourish the heart and imagination, and make him love his religion, is just ignorance and stupidity. Do we feed the child on theorems of geometry and ask him to retain them for future use? Do we give the tender babe strong meat and ask nature to retain it for him until such time as he can digest it? Nature answers that query in a very emphatic way. And as nature settles these questions for the body, it also answers them for the soul. If we do not give the child proper food, properly vitalized with imagination, nature just rejects it as fast as you present it. The mustard seeds lie on top of the soil and cannot get a start. The day comes when the lad reaches maturity and faces life. The little growth, artificial in nature and possessing no roots to support the branches in the storms of temptation which modern life is sure to present, withers up and dies. And there are few who seem to understand why.

"From their fruits you shall know them." From my contact with the children of today, I know the practical result of the system of teaching religion by catechism. It is tragedy; tragedy in method and often tragedy in result. In every branch of learning we are careful to appeal to the child as a child. When it comes to religion, the most important subject of them all, we fly to the opposite extreme and teach them as though they were theologians. The catechism is an outline of theology; it is the intellectual framework of faith. But essential as theology is, theology is not religion, any more than the bones of the human skeleton, essential as they are to man, are the man. A child learns to love his mother who is flesh and blood, life and love; but it would be an odd child who loved a skeleton and stretched out its arms toward it in fond welcome. We are asking our children to love a skeleton, the catechism. Many have answered by rejecting it and what it attempted to implant, the Faith. Are we going to persevere in this stupid system? Let us aim at teaching religion, rather than the catechism.

REV. GEORGE VOGT.

PLENTY IS POVERTY

Dorchester, Mass.

TO the Editor: "Plenty Is Poverty." The underlying error in our topsy-turvy economy is the confusing of mere money with wealth, so that a rise in price is reckoned as a gain in wealth, and a fall in price as a loss.

This idea, followed through, leads to the absurd conclusion that scarcity creates wealth, and correspondingly that plenty creates poverty—that famine prices spell prosperity and that a God-given abundance of wheat, cotton and corn will send us all to the poorhouse, a fate, by the way, which is not unlikely for some millions of the underfed "underconsumers" of our overabundance.

As to wages, should not those who would cut first the pay of the worker, on the plea that "real" wages (if any) are increased by the lowered cost of living, recognize also the fact that the profits (if any) and rents and interest, likewise, go further by reason of lowered commodity prices, and so ought to take their cut simultaneously with labor. Again, does not plain honesty demand that the first of all cuts be made in the overproduction (if any) of capital stock liability based on nothing but the riotous profits of the past decade? Until this is done we shall not know to what extent profits have been cut.

Money without interest is a fantasy. The biggest of all our unemployment problems is that of money-out-of-a-job. If it be good for an unemployed man to take exercise for his health, without wages, why not also a little exercise for idle money, without its wages, viz., interest? There must be some loans as secure as time locks, perhaps in these parlous times, even more so, and a little fresh air might freshen the stagnant blood of commerce now being hoarded in bank vaults. Of course that would not be banking, but neither is it banking to let money rot in idleness. Nothing will be done so long as everybody waits for somebody else to start things.

CHRISTOPHER I. FITZGERALD.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Berlin

VALENTINE WILLIAMS and Alice Crawford have constructed an excellent spy melodrama along well-established but none the less interesting lines around the exciting days of July, 1914, just before the outbreak of the World War.

In this case, the spy is the hero, happening to be a member of the British Secret Service in Berlin. What I most admire, however, in the work of the authors is the care and skill they have exercised in not attempting to make the German nation, as a whole, the villain of the piece. It is always a temptation in such cases, and for the sake of emphasis, to throw the whole picture out of proportion, but most of the German characters appearing in "Berlin" are drawn with a deft and sympathetic hand and in their natural aspects as human beings capable of sincere feelings and honest convictions. It is only the chief of the German Secret Service who is drawn with the exaggerated lines of a caricature, in order to lend a certain dramatic terror to some of the situations. But even in his case, it is quite apparent that he is acting on what he feels to be the highest patriotic grounds and not as a villain for villainy's sake.

In discussing a play of this sort, it would obviously be unfair to go into too many details concerning the plot, which is reasonably intricate. It is quite enough to say that the scenes move swiftly, that suspense is admirably sustained, and that the old tricks of spy melodrama are well enough used to prevent their seeming trite. It is quite surprising how much deft characterization the authors are able to bring into play, considering the great economy they have exercised in the length of their scenes and the amount of action they have created. Most of the characters are considerably more than mere types.

The acting is also exceptionally competent, with Charles Richman as a very sympathetic German judge, with Helen Vinson as his attractive secretary and the heroine of the piece, with G. P. Huntley, jr., as the British Secret Service agent, and with Sydney Greenstreet as the impressive Dr. Grundt, head of the German Secret Police. All the minor character parts are also well taken. In these days, when dramatists feel that they have to become very complex in order to write an interesting play, it is quite a relief to see how much entertainment and interest can be obtained by the skilled use of traditional methods. (At the George M. Cohan Theatre.)

Wolves

THE SECOND production of Maurice Schwartz's season of plays in English is Barrett H. Clark's translation of "Wolves," a drama of the French Revolution by Romain Rolland. It is far less successful both in inherent qualities and in execution than "Bloody Laughter" by Ernst Toller, which was the first of Mr. Schwartz's productions. Incidentally, it is also much less successful than "The Game of Love and Death," also by Rolland, which was produced a short time back by the Theatre Guild. The play is full of heroic phrases which somehow do not create the illusion of real characters speaking. A costume play is admittedly a difficult one to write, in that the dramatist is all too apt to think of his characters as existing in some different and remote period and to treat them quite differently from characters in a modern play. Certainly Romain Rolland has done little more than to animate a series of wax-work figures, although it is just possible that if the actors of Mr. Schwartz's company were willing to talk in human tones and not declaim, the play might achieve more sense of illusion.

The theme of the play is the conflict between a sense of justice and the hysteria which grips men in time of war. One of the officers of the Revolutionary French Army defending the French frontier from the Duke of Brunswick, has reason to believe that one of his fellow officers, an ex-aristocrat, has been falsely accused of being a spy and comes to his defense. This defense involves the accusation of another officer, one of the most successful army leaders, of falsifying certain important testimony. The whole action of the last half of the play becomes a conflict between the officer who stands up for justice at all costs against the mob spirit of the army which demands the immediate sacrifice of the supposed traitor even on the flimsiest of testimony. In the end, the lone defender of the victim is himself accused of being in sympathy with the enemy and is placed under arrest with probable execution ahead of him.

The play was written shortly after the Dreyfus trial in France and with the obvious intention of drawing certain parallels to that famous case. The idea has certain possibilities under very fine development, but fails in plot and detail to achieve credibility. (At the 49th Street Theatre.)

The Devil Passes

BENN W. LEVY, who has given us such a variety of plays as "Mrs. Moonlight," "Art and Mrs. Bottle" and "Springtime for Henry," now brings before us a play which belongs in the same general category as "The Servant in the House" or "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." In this case, it is the devil who passes by rather than a figure vaguely representing Christ. But the underlying method is the same. In other words, all plays of this character assume the incarnate presence of a supernatural character, and proceed to outline the effect of this character upon a highly varied group of individuals. In the present instance, we have as the setting a week-end cottage in England of a well-known novelist, D. C. Magnus. With him is his mistress, and among the other characters are Cosmo Penny, a none too successful novelist, Louis Kisch, a portrait painter, and his actress wife, Dorothy Lister, the Reverend Herbert Messiter, pastor of the local church and his workaday wife, Beatrice. The devil is introduced in the form of the Reverend Nicholas Lucy, a new young curate of the parish.

I am afraid that Mr. Levy has, in this case, muddled his thinking so badly that it is quite difficult to separate his original intention from the rather vague intimations which he finally brings out. I think his original intention can be stated somewhat as follows: that the devil never wholly succeeds in anything he sets out to do, and that more often than not, through the temptations to which he subjects men, succeeds in the end only in bringing them closer to God. In the first act, the Reverend Nicholas Lucy suggests a game of truth which results in each character disclosing his innermost desire. Later on, as the play progresses, the devil offers to each character in turn the chance to realize this desire at the cost of some apparently trivial dishonesty. In every case, he is surprised and chagrined to find the characters clinging to their better ideals rather than achieving their main ambitions. It is possible that in the original manuscript this same formula ran continuously through the play, thus justifying what was apparently the main theme in Mr. Levy's mind. As the play now stands, however, at least one of the characters, the mistress of the novelist, actually yields to the temptation of seeking a more complete love and is repulsed, curiously enough, by the devil himself, who apparently drives her back deliberately to a marriage with her novelist. The play ends on the note that the devil is actually doing God's work in the world, in spite of his efforts to the contrary.

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Needless to say, there is a vast distinction between the idea that the work of the devil in the world is permitted by God as a test of man, whom he wants to draw to Himself, and Mr. Levy's idea that the devil is more or less consciously and resignedly carrying on a work of futile temptation. Mr. Levy may have been somewhat fascinated by the episode of the temptation on the mountain into thinking that this temptation and its failure is symbolic of all mankind. To say the least, this is hardly a realistic viewpoint, since the history of mankind in any day seems to be little more than the direct and complete yielding of men to temptations of lust and power. One cannot escape the feeling that Mr. Levy has been more enthralled by a clever idea than interested by fundamental facts. The most that can be said is that his own confusion is not much greater than that of the age in which he lives and writes. The present play has the advantage of excellent acting by a group including Arthur Byron, Diana Wynyard, an English actress making her first appearance in this country, Mary Nash, Robert Loraine, Ernest Cossart, Cecilia Loftus, and Basil Rathbone, as the smooth person of the nether regions. Cecilia Loftus, as the wife of the local pastor, does an extraordinary bit of character acting. The play as a whole is merely muddled thinking put into clever words. (At the Selwyn Theatre.)

Electra

SPACE does not permit a complete review of this exceedingly well-done revival of the Sophocles "Electra," in special matinées, by Blanche Yurka and Mrs. Patrick Campbell. But as these matinées are to continue for only two weeks, we wish to go on record now as urging everyone who might be interested in superb acting of a great play to see this production at once. I shall review it new week. (At the Selwyn Theatre.)

Donna Juanita

THE SUCCESS of last season's "Boccaccio" has inspired the Metropolitan Opera Company to make another essay into the realm of Viennese operatta, with a result equally pleasing. Perhaps "Donna Juanita" is not the equal musically or dramatically of "Boccaccio," and yet in it Suppé wrote one climax which went beyond anything in his better-known operetta, and Mr. Bodanzky, in strengthening the last act by introducing excerpts from other works of Suppé, including his "Light Cavalry" music, succeeded in making the final act one of the most amusing things to be heard or seen in New York this season. The ballet of children dressed as grown-ups and of grown-ups dressed as children was, both in its idea and in its execution, a delight, while the antics of Mme. Jeritza, Mme. Manski and Mr. Windheim proved that all these artists are low comedians of the first order. In fact, both in her performances in "Boccaccio" and in "Donna Juanita" Mme. Jeritza showed a gusto and a complete mastery of her medium that she rarely shows in her more serious impersonations, despite the fact that she was not in her best voice; and the audience expressed its evident wish that the Metropolitan should give it more of her operetta rôles, by applauding her deliriously. What proportions of praise should go to the singers, to Mr. Bodansky for his directing of the orchestra, and to Mr. Niedecken-Gebhard for his stage management, might be a disputed point, but one thing is certain—that the synthesis was altogether delightful. Despite the size of the Metropolitan, it might be an excellent idea for it to replace some of its operatic war-horses for the next few seasons with works of lighter caliber. And most of us would urge—have them sung in English.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

BOOKS

Poland's Heroine

Jadwiga, Poland's Great Queen, by Charlotte Kellogg. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

NO ONE who comes to know the story of Poland can escape the charm of Poland's famous queen, Jadwiga. She is a lustrous figure in history as well as an illustrious one; for she was not only great as a ruler, but she had in a marked degree those poetic and romantic qualities which make for glamorous legend.

The very glamor of Jadwiga's story, the deeply vibrating sentiment of her nature, has in a measure got the best of the biographer, with the result that at times he who reads for facts, critically, feels himself baffled; he does not feel that he comes to the fullest knowledge of the queen's character and of the events which developed it. This is by way of dealing with and dismissing, with one gesture, whatever faults this very interesting book may have. Whether or not the romantic nature of the book is really a fault depends upon the reader's point of view. The historical critic, as already intimated, may object to what he will call the overromanticizing of Jadwiga's story. He may say that the style employed obscures and confuses at times, making the chronology difficult to follow. He may question, too, the plausibility of attributing to a child so very young as Jadwiga, from the time of her betrothal to her marriage, so many attributes of matured character.

Nevertheless, when all is said and done, here is one of the great stories, and here it is, told for the first time in English, with a charm, a fluency, a sympathy and an enthusiasm that is delightful. As a matter of fact, I am inclined to feel that Mrs. Kellogg's is the right way to tell Jadwiga's story. The historians and the critics may enlarge upon it as they wish.

Even when stripped of the trappings of romantic writing, this young queen, the marvel of her age, still rises above her times, something to wonder at almost as one wonders at the miracle of Jeanne d'Arc. Princess and queen, statesman and warrior, past mistress of international diplomacy, royal ambassadress and pacifier, and above all patron of learning and the arts—she founded the great University of Krakow—she achieved in her brief years more than many a ruler reigning twice her lifetime; for she died at twenty-six. She was precocious almost beyond belief. Taking the reins of government, as she did at thirteen, over a disunited people, she accomplished not alone the pacification of her own nation, but the enlarging of its dominions to twice its size, and the launching of it into a truly golden era.

Her love romance was tragic. Betrothed as a child according to state design, she not only loved but fell in love with her promised husband, William of Hapsburg. But she was called upon to renounce her love, to marry another, and to marry one whom she feared as a pagan and even as a brute. How the renunciation was made, how plot and counterplot came into play to thrust her into a heartbreaking conflict between love and duty; how she rose to noble stature on the altar of patriotic sacrifice: it is in this part of Jadwiga's story that Mrs. Kellogg is at her best. Her narrative is as absorbing and exciting as a novel.

The book is not only interesting but it is also valuable. It makes available to us, as it has not been before, a chapter of European history and a character of human power of which one should not be ignorant. Neither Jadwiga nor Jagiello, her husband, actually among the most important figures of Catholic

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history, are to be found even in the "Catholic Encyclopedia." Mrs. Kellogg's book, beautifully Catholic in feeling, and seldom inaccurate in its phrasing of things Catholic, should find its way into Catholic schools and libraries. To them it is especially recommended. It is an ennobling story of love and passion nobly controlled. Its theme is freedom of the spirit, moral and mental vigor, attained through self-denial. Jadwiga exemplifies the words of the Polish poet, Leopold Staff: "Life needs not be happy, but heroic."

A poorly organized index and a good deal of hasty proofreading are faults of the volume easily to be remedied in a later edition. The preface by Mr. Paderewski is unquestionably a valuable addition to the text. It is a finished piece of compact historical writing, and it is all the more interesting since it inclines to view the character of Louis of Austria, Jadwiga's father, in a less romantic and more critical light than that of Mrs. Kellogg's interpretation.

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

The Story of a New Race

Brown America, by Edwin R. Embree. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

AMERICAN Negroes are not pure-blooded Africans. In their veins rather is a mixture of bloods, the blood of the Indian and that of the white man. By marrying within their own group they are distributing that blood more and more evenly. They are acquiring an astonishing uniformity in those physical characteristics by which scholars classify races. The skin of the average member of the group is not black but brown. The observation of such facts has led Dr. Herskovits and other anthropologists to the conviction that a new race has been formed. By popularizing the opinion of those scientists, Mr. Embree has presented to the reader startling information.

Yet that information is but incidental to a book which by its own right is excellent. It is excellent not because of accuracy or completeness but because it is extremely readable. Much of the offensive attitude of the white man toward the Negro is due to indifference and ignorance. Recognizing early in childhood that the black American occupied the lowest stratum of the national life, the white citizen decided that the Negro was uninteresting and undeserving of thought. If the mind of that white citizen could be warmed with an ebullient interest in the black man, some of the prejudicial molds would melt away. This book stimulates such an interest. To place it upon a library table is to contribute to the improvement of racial contacts. The format of the volume will attract readers, while the style of the author will retain their attention.

The approach to the subject is new. It is an epic describing ancestral life in Africa, the coming of the dark people to America, the mixing of the bloods, the growth of the new race. The various phases of Negro life are drawn almost as vividly as scenes in a drama: the struggle for life and health in the new environment; the efforts of the ruling class in the South to keep books away from the slave, and the subsequent attempts of the freedman to spell out the knowledge of the civilized; the search for work on the plantation and later in the factory, with consequent quarrels with the unions; the baffling contacts with judges and election officials; the resentment against the discriminations practised in theatres, stores and trains; the attempts to sing away troubles in spirituals and "blues."

Of accurate statistics there is a plenty. But they are vitalized by vivid portraits of Negro life skilfully interposed. Of realism there is an abundance. This executive of the Julius Rosen-

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NEXT WEEK

CRITIQUE OF CATHOLIC BIRTH RATE, by Gerald Shaughnessy, while proving a number of most important things, proves also that statistics may be written about interestingly. This may be more or less incidental, except in that it makes Father Shaughnessy's article easy reading. The really important thing is that this critique convincingly disposes of the rash assertion which has been going around rather broadly, and to which we must confess THE COMMONWEAL gave an initial impetus, that the church in the United States was suffering a defection of half a million souls annually. . . . OUTPOST OF EMPIRE, by Michael Williams, is an appreciation and sketch of Professor Herbert Eugene Bolton, president of the American Historical Association, professor of history and director of the Bancroft Library of the University of California, and his contributions to the knowledge of the influence which Spanish culture has exerted on the history and civilization of the United States, especially his latest contribution in his book, "Outpost of Empire." . . . FUNDAMENTALS OF AN ETHICAL REALISM, by Russell Wilbur, is a brisk and joyous analysis of that natural attachment of a person for his own people, his own locale, his own country and things, as opposed to the vague internationalism, cosmopolitanism and pacifism that would cut him off from this attachment. This is a vigorous and elucidating statement which runs directly counter to so much of what is being said today, and said perhaps with good intentions, but foolishly. . . . ROGATIONS AT SAN MICHELE, by H. Reid, is rich with the colors of life under brilliant sunshine where love and faith are intense, and often become complicated in very human snarls that can be unwound and restored to their fine simplicity, only with the liberal help of charity.

wald Fund has not pretended to make the Negroes better than they are. He recognizes that in the mass they are still poor, uneducated, subject to more than their fair share of disease and crime. But his is a genuine realism which sees not only squalor and unsocial habits but also human hearts and spirits which, warmed by the vision of the vanguard's success, are slowly girding for the journey to the promised land.

There are inaccuracies, but of the minor sort which follow in the wake of popular generalizations. Possibly the author has overstressed the emotional element in the Negro's religious life. Undoubtedly he bows too reverently at times before the spirit of modern science and repeats too freely the incantations of psychiatrists. It is regrettable that, while recognizing the influence of religious forces upon the Negro, he is not able to regard Christianity as a vital force contributing to the future improvement of racial contacts. Truly both in the past and the present white Christians in their treatment of the Negro have acted as pagans. Yet Christians improve. Certainly as an ultimate motive force, Christianity is preferable to enlightened selfishness and sportsmanship.

FRANCIS J. GILLIGAN.

Fallen Angel?

These Thirteen, by William Faulkner. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith, Incorporated. $2.50.

ON THE jacket of this collection of Faulkner's short stories there is a sentence from Arnold Bennett which reads: "An American who writes like an angel." It cannot refer to the present volume, as the stories were practically all written after Bennett's death, and those who believe in the English novelist's critical honesty will be sure it did not apply to Faulkner's previous novel, "Sanctuary." For Faulkner does not write like an angel, except at times like a fallen one.

The case of William Faulkner is rapidly becoming appalling. This young Southerner has as much talent as any living American writer; indeed there are those who think he, almost alone among our purveyors of fiction, has more than a touch of genius. Though his tortuous method of story-telling often passes the limits even of expressionism, though there are passages which are so forced that they lose both their sincerity and their effectiveness, no one can read him and pretend not to be moved. That his power does not lie merely in the macabre and abnormal nature of most of his subjects is shown in the rare cases when he condescends to deal with emotions of a normal character. There is true pathos, for instance, in "Hair," and, despite their horrible brutality, "All the Dead Pilots" and "Dry September" belong to the highroad of literature. These stories are equally as powerful as any of his expressions of the loathsome and degenerate, but it is none the less true that it is to the loathsome and degenerate that he usually turns his talent.

Though in Faulkner there are things which show the influence of Hemingway and perhaps of Joyce, the core of the man is little affected by either of these forces. Faulkner is preoccupied primarily with disease, moral, mental and physical, and he is preoccupied with it not as the physician who seeks a cure, not as the objective artist who wishes to paint things as he sees them, but rather as if he himself were fascinated by them. He is a romanticist in the sense that Baudelaire was a romanticist, and it is to Baudelaire that he has a close affinity.

In the thirteen stories of this volume he treats of evil with a gusto which is no less present because his technique is one of dark and obscure hintings and complicated suggestion. That he has an extraordinary power of evoking atmosphere, and an

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equally extraordinary ability of giving glimpses of the depths beneath even the abnormal, renders his obsession with the malevolent and the disgusting only the more evident. If literature, and Faulkner is often literature, has ever descended to fouler morasses than in many of these stories, it has never done so in the Anglo-Saxon world. But what is most discouraging is the fact that American critical rebuke, when it has occurred at all, has been spineless and even apologetic. The advent of William Faulkner is a portent of what we may expect in a civilization which has lost belief, apparently not only in divine justice, but in human decency. And perhaps it is not Faulkner, but that civilization, which is the true subject for the alienist.

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Portrait of a Great Man

George Washington—Republican Aristocrat, by Bernard Faÿ. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $4.00.

BERNARD FAŸ comes to the rescue of harassed American history: Washington was an Englishman, he was an American; he was an aristocrat and he was a Republican; and no one of these things conflicted with any other of them.

It is the fashion today in America to trace the founding of the United States to several mother countries, with the English element predominant, and to the proletarian class in those mother countries. Facts apparently do not matter. The fact that the English colonies were English does not matter in this new teaching; nor the fact that non-English settlers came into a growing organism and followed in it the cleavage of Englishmen on political, social and religious lines. It does not matter that almost without exception the colonies were founded by members of the hereditary ruling class of England, and that with remarkable astuteness these bearers of hereditary aristocratic privilege prepared a system of self-government in some form in which all free men were included. All that does not matter. By the simple process of ignoring facts, any and all gains we have made in self-government are attributed to the people, in the European sense of the unprivileged, unfree mass of feudal or industrial workers.

Intellectual Frenchmen are rarely untidy with facts, in spite of the engaging cynicism with which they often put facts out of their path. This Frenchman not only paints the portrait of a Washington great among the great men of the world of all time; he traces the evolution of that society which produced such a man in normal and natural process.

He shows the people of Virginia, in some respects unlike (and yet very much a part of) the people of the other Atlantic Coast communities, and he shows the despair of Washington of ever being able to do anything with them. It confirms quite clearly why he and men like him became Republicans and advocates of a firmly centralized government, though, in principle, centralization was abhorrent to them for themselves. It was that very issue on which they took up arms against the king, first in England, again in America in 1776, and, finally, on which they fought the Civil War.

Some Catholics, more partizan than critical, may not like Faÿ's book, for he speaks of Washington's difficulties with Roman Catholics. Since politics and religious partizanship were important in the colonies and racial origins of new settlers did not matter, it is natural that the Catholic religion of unabsorbed trouble-makers was blamed. It still is.

In spite of Faÿ's indifference to the quota school of American history, his is a great book.

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

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Unnecessary Concern

The History of Science and the New Humanism, by George Sarton. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.00.

THE CONTENTION of this book is that the intellectual élite is today divided into two hostile camps—the literary and the scientific—who speak a different tongue and differ radically in their appraisal of the elements that make for human progress and cultural advance. Mr. Sarton apparently labors under the impression that there are large and important sections of the intelligentsia who frown upon science and disparage its contributions to present-day civilization. How is this gap between the "humanists" and the scientists to be bridged? Mr. Sarton answers: by teaching the history of science in terms of advancing civilization, showing the contrasting viewpoints of the East and the West, and the flowering of both in the achievements of modern science.

The whole assumption underlying the thesis seems not only questionable but quite unwarranted. Instead of science suffering from a lack of appreciation on the part of the present-day intellectual leaders, the very antithesis is true. There was probably never a time when the achievements of science, as well as the methods and the spirit of scientific research, were so widely recognized and so fully appreciated both by the intelligentsia and the Philistines as today. Indeed, in order to get a hearing, the philosopher, theologian, moralist, sociologist and psychologist usually find it necessary to appeal to some finding of modern science as an opening wedge to pry into the interest of the reading public which has been so engrossed with the marvelous and startling discoveries of contemporary science. The scientist struts in the limelight in the center of the stage. All others have been shooed off into the wings.

To dignify the whimsical objections of a few literary eccentrics—of whom the author does not name a single one—with a volume written in defense of modern science, *seems* indeed like hurling an arsenal at a flea. While the author presents in an informative manner the contributions of the ancients, especially in the East, to science, the volume drags and suffers from a wearying diffuseness. It is difficult to grip a reader with a glorification of the obvious or to flood him with the sense of real combat in charging, *à la* Don Quixote, at windmills or demolishing opponents of straw. That is the weakness of this book.

JOHN A. O'BRIEN.

Oriental Problems

Far Eastern International Relations, by H. B. Morse and H. F. MacNair. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $6.00.

THIS volume lacks balance in the treatment of the Far East. Composed of thirty chapters, one deals directly with Russia, four deal with Japan, some five are of a composite character, and twenty are reserved for China. It purports to be, according to the preface, a re-presentation of those unique three volumes of Dr. Morse's on "Chinese International Relations," with additional matter by Mr. MacNair, to bring Dr. Morse's books up to date.

Mr. MacNair spent much of his time in Central China, teaching and writing, and is apparently more at ease amid Chinese affairs than Far Eastern politics and literature. Apparently Siam, Indo-China, Tibet and Siberia do not appeal to his vision as much as the struggles in Shanghai and the Yangtze Valley.

There is missing, also, that ease of writing and air of authority which marked the painstaking scholarship of the earlier

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work. Thus the pages dealing with the Sino-Japanese treaties of 1915 do not carry conviction to the reader's mind that Mr. MacNair is aware that on February 12, 1915, twenty-four days after the presentation of the Twenty-one Demands, and eighty-five days before the Japanese ultimatum, the Chinese government presented a counter-proposal, in which it was agreed that the lease of Port Arthur should be extended, as also that of the railway of Southern Manchuria, but other demands were rejected. A further doubt is aroused that the author has read the biography of Count Kato, the minister responsible for the Twenty-one Demands, in which it is stated that a Chinese representative informally asked for the issue of an ultimatum, so as to provide a plausible excuse for signing the treaty.

The volume can hardly provide a guide for the serious student and the general reader, for the obvious reason that the history of a thousand years affecting half the area of Asia and half its population cannot be packed into one comparatively small volume, in which epitomization has been abandoned for deliberate elimination of facts, policies and trends of the stormiest area of the world today.

BOYD-CARPENTER.

Novelized Play

The First Mrs. Fraser; novelization of play by St. John Ervine. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

"THE FIRST MRS. FRASER" is a very sincere and pleasant group of fictional cross-purposes that enter into the life of a Scotch husband whose second wife makes living a sorry mess. She seems to have the unhappy faculty of making disaster of all her undertakings, social as well as domestic. Between the pages of the book one encounters three piquant, happy and intensive children by the first marriage, who supply a facile and plentiful dialogue pertaining to everything that happens in their lives, and finds lodgment in their delightful noodles. The divorce of their father and mother and the sea of perplexities that surround his second marriage are skilfully and officially disposed of by the youngsters without the suggestion of craft or malice. Fun is all their folly, and they weave a lot of it. The unhappy, limpid creature who swaggers his devotion to their mother to an extent that wearies her, proves as fine a subject for their quips as is "the good woman" who makes their father's life awry.

One mills through the book without a tiresome minute, and the main idea it suggests is the failure of divorce when children by the divorced parents are close enough to the second marriage to see it in the light of their unbiased inspirations. St. John Ervine's Frazer children are a very wholesome trio. While the book is a novelization of the play by the same author, one reaches the opinion that it is an improvement on much of the make-believe of the stage performance. The writer carries his "dour" Scotchman through some remarkable adventures of his own making, largely based on the extraordinary idea that he is an acute judge of women.

Ervine has written a noted book, a humorous book, one that proves a quaint compendium of the absurdities of modern divorcement; it makes the merriest and most lasting form of factual ridicule. In other hands a work of this kind would have suffered because of modern methods of attempting to philosophize. The St. John Ervine treatment of taking what he considers a purely human subject and allowing humans, even children, to deal with its phases, works well in this instance, and leaves everybody laughing.

EDWARD J. BREEN.

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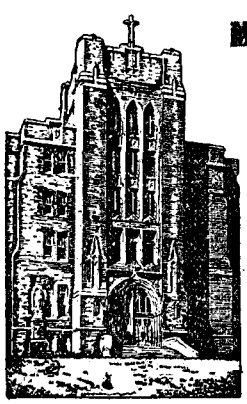
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Briefer Mention

The Collected Poems of Richard Burton; introduction by Alfred Kreymborg. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $3.00.

MR. KREYMBORG'S preface to the poems Richard Burton has selected from the seven books he published from 1895 to 1930 surprises one by its sympathy and justice. Neither overstatement nor condescension, Mr. Kreymborg's evaluation has an extra value for it comes from one whose methods and theories are vastly dissimilar. It is praise to say of Mr. Burton's poems that the fact that the conventions they are fashioned in are of another day, that clichés are not absent and that there are in them ineptitudes of phrase, is secondary to an immediacy of emotion, of perception, mood or thought they contain and from which they were evolved. Music is not absent from them, though it is a simple, melodic utterance. The themes, for the most part, are simple themes; their development, if it has not brilliance, has serenity and depth. Genuine, these pieces commend themselves by their very modesty, and are to be commended for a worth that modesty, not infrequently, makes more manifest.

Katrin Becomes a Soldier, by Adrienne Thomas; translated by Margaret Goldsmith. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.50.

PERHAPS in America, slightly weary of World War novels, "Katrin Becomes a Soldier" will not meet with the ready popularity it enjoyed in Germany. The book nevertheless has a distinction and originality all its own. Here is war seen entirely from the civilian angle, war which sweeps its ugly tide up to the very walls of Metz where the heroine, whose diary tells the story, comes into a forced and tragic maturity. Katrin, compelled into frenzied activity as an antidote against grief and terror, becomes not a soldier but a Red Cross assistant whose principal work is in a railroad station soup kitchen. From this vantage point she gets a dramatic panorama of what war actually means, a knowledge which brings her spirit to the brink of despair. Her precipitation into the ultimate depths comes when death lists her fiancé. One feels, however, that the author has made too supine a surrender to tragedy and pathos by contriving that Katrin succumb to pneumonia.

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